

# Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Volume 13

NOVEMBER, 1948

Number 1

The 'Bandits' of Reed Farm . . . . .	<i>Commonweal</i>	1
Father Baker's Gas Wells . . . . .	<i>Courier Journal</i>	6
Mr. ERP . . . . .	<i>Script</i>	9
The First Americans . . . . .	<i>Frank C. Hibben</i>	11
A Monk Goes to God . . . . .	<i>Louisville Record</i>	21
America's Ships of the Desert . . . . .	<i>Harold Helfer</i>	23
Japan at the Crossroads . . . . .	<i>Clergy Review</i>	26
Life in the Factory . . . . .	<i>Work</i>	29
Subsistence Farming De Luxe . . . . .	<i>The Land</i>	31
School for Speeders . . . . .	<i>America</i>	35
Congregation of the Mission of St. Vincent de Paul . . . . .	<i>William J. McClimont, C.M.</i>	38
End of the Warpath . . . . .	<i>American Legion Magazine</i>	42
How to Divide a Tree . . . . .	<i>Home Garden</i>	45
Science Seeks Almighty God . . . . .	<i>"Space and Spirit"</i>	48
Justice Tempered With Murphy "The Nine Young Men" . . . . .		56
You Can Make Friends . . . . .	<i>O. A. Battista</i>	62
Charles Péguy . . . . .	<i>Our Lady's Missionary</i>	67
When a Child Can't Read . . . . .	<i>Liberty</i>	71
What Time Is Mass This Evening? "The Mass of the Future" . . . . .		76
Put Your Money on Giovanni Woman's Home Companion . . . . .		80
Detour to Calvary . . . . .	<i>Marianist</i>	85
The 'Dying' Church "Growth or Decline? The Church Today" . . . . .		90
How to Fly a Plane . . . . .	<i>Picture Story</i>	97
What Happened to the Pope's Gift . . . . .	<i>Art Bromirski</i>	113
I Begin to Meditate . . . . .	<i>"The Seven Storey Mountain"</i>	116
Test Your Knowledge . . . . .	<i>Quiz</i>	121
I Shall Never Forget It, 8	This Struck Me, 41	
Flights of Fancy, 44	Highways and Byways, 120	

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DEARLY BELOVED, let us be ready for whatever God wills, bravely keeping the Lord's commandments; having innocence in simplicity, concord in charity, watchfulness in helping those who toil, mercy in succouring the poor, constancy in defending the truth. For these are the footprints which the saints have left us as they went on their way to their fatherland, that we, treading in their steps, might follow them into their joy.

St. Bede in Matins for the 5th Day in the Octave of All Saints.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

CATHOLIC DIGEST BLDG., 41 E. EIGHTH ST., ST. PAUL, 2, MINNESOTA

Braille edition: National Braille Press, 88 St. Stephen St., Boston, 15. \$10 per year.  
British and Irish edition: National Press, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin, Ireland.  
French edition: 13, Rue de Tirlemont, Louvain, Belgium. *Digeste Catholique*.  
Dutch edition: Tienessestraat, 13, Leuven, Belgic. *Katholieke Digest*.  
German edition: 39 Herstellstrasse, Aschaffenburg, Germany. *Katholischer Digest*.  
Japanese edition: Komine Shoten, Funamachi 6, 6, Yotsuya, Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan. 明治三十二年

Subscriptions to all foreign editions for your friends abroad or yourself are \$3 per year at the St. Paul office.



The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



*Published monthly.* Subscription price, \$3.00 the year—2 years for \$5.00. Your own and a gift subscription, \$5.00. No charge for foreign postage. Printed in the U.S.A.

Editor: Paul Bussard      Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales  
Assistant Editors: Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan, Harold J. O'Loughlin, Joseph E. Aberwald, Ethelyn Burns, Kern Pederson.

Entered as second-class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minn., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1948 by the Catholic Digest, Inc.







# Catholic Digest



VOL. 13

NOVEMBER, 1948

NO. 1

*Aboveboard underground*

## The 'Bandits' of Reed Farm

By HELEN ISWOLSKY

Condensed from the  
*Commonweal*\*

**B**EFORE and after Oksana Kasenkina's leap for freedom last August from the window of the Soviet consulate in New York, Soviet officials stubbornly maintained that she had, before they took her into custody, been "kidnaped" by the "White Russian underground." I have known for many years some of the persons referred to by the officials. They are not "White Russians," nor "underground." They are persons who have rejected communism, accepted exile and found in the U. S. a haven of freedom. They have lived and practiced their faith, through struggle and heartache. Their side of the story should be told, for theirs was a decisive moral victory.

When Kasenkina decided not to return to Russia at the Soviet consul's command, no "underground methods" were required to bring her into touch with people ready to help her. All she had to do was call Vladimir Zenzinov. He met her

at once, just as the ship which should have taken her to Russia was leaving port. Zenzinov, in turn, called Reed Farm, and spoke to Alexandra Tolstoy. Then, quite openly, by bus and in broad daylight, he took Kasenkina to the farm.

I recall that some friends and I took Zenzinov to Reed Farm several years ago. I had known him in Paris, had worked with him and borrowed material on Russia from him. He knew his country well: economically, socially, politically. He was an experienced journalist and a keen observer; had taken part in the first 1917 democratic revolution. Since the communist October *coup d'état*, he had lived in exile. He had always remained a confirmed Socialist in the true Russian liberal tradition, opposed both to *tzarism* and to communism.

This was not his first exile; in *tzarist* days he had been sentenced as a political offend-



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\*386 4th Ave., New York City, 16. Sept. 10, 1948.

1



ter to several years beyond the Polar Circle. There Zenzinov studied arctic fauna and flora and taught the natives. Years after, and even when he came to Paris, he kept his interest in the Russian North.

There is little of the "mystery man" about Zenzinov. A quiet, unassuming person, he looks more like a scholar than a militant; a man of strong convictions, he is extraordinarily stubborn. He published a moving book on the *Bezprizorny*, the abandoned children of Bolshevik Russia. Later, when war broke out between the USSR and Finland, Zenzinov went there as war correspondent. On the battlefield he found thousands of letters received or written by soldiers of the Red army. He patiently collected and classified them, brought them to America, and published them: it was one of the first testimonies we had of what a Soviet man feels and thinks. And Zenzinov always stressed the difference between Russia's inhuman totalitarian rulers and the masses of the Russian people, true to another ideal, and crushed under a ruthless yoke.

Zenzinov has no other life but a life of service to his fellow men. If a Russian intellectual is hungry in France, if a Russian DP camp in Germany needs clothes and books, Zenzinov will worry friends and organizations until parcels are sent. He is always available for a work of mercy, salvage, rescue. That is why he was available when Kasenkina needed help. And at Reed Farm they found someone else who is always available, whose life is also

devoted to helping the unfortunate.

She is Alexandra Tolstoy, daughter of Leo Tolstoy, who has an extraordinary likeness to her father. She is the youngest Tolstoy, who accompanied him during his last journey when he dramatically left his home shortly before his death. More than any other child, she bears his stamp, and not only physically, for her heart and mind were shaped by him. Strong and rather heavily set, she has in her a kindness and gentleness which often goes with physical strength. She can plow and reap as her father did, and she will carry a bushel of tomatoes with no apparent effort; but I have also seen her lift an invalid with infinite care, and she will keep the children at the farm from becoming overboisterous without ever raising her voice.

Her rare recreation is to fish alone on Rockland lake. I have heard her sing old Russian songs with great charm, accompanying herself on the guitar. And she plays the piano, too, as they used to in Russian country houses, as it was played at Yasnava Poliana, her father's famous home. She has a great love of music, and also great knowledge, but she is without the slightest pretension.

Reed Farm, "the nest of White Russian bandits," as the Soviet consul-general described it, is an old American estate in the beautiful Hudson valley, given to the Tolstoy Foundation by the Harkness family. I was one of the first to live there, for Alexandra Tolstoy offered the farm's hospitality to my family and myself when we



came to America. There I worked for my first food and board in America, and there I later wrote *Light Before Dusk*.<sup>\*</sup> We were a small colony of Russian refugees who had fled Europe and the nazis, and who were "resettled" here with Alexandra Tolstoy's help.

Since those days the project has grown considerably. There are chickens, fields of corn and vegetable gardens, cows and pigs, and there is a fine canning establishment and a cellar well stocked with homemade preserves. It is typically American; yet it is also typically Russian. Many buildings have been put up by Russian carpenters and painters, some of them workers at the farm, others volunteers who come week ends.

The true Russian community spirit, free and brotherly, very unlike communist regimentation, is strong in every branch of the farm's activities. This spirit is never preached nor imposed; it grows of itself and almost beyond expectation. I have seen relative newcomers at Reed Farm rejoicing in the bumper crop of pumpkins or in an imposing row of dill-pickle jars, as if it were their own personal achievement.

All this is not irrelevant to Kasenkina's tragic escape. For it was to Reed Farm that she came, not to some abstract geographical spot. It was there that she took her place and was as-

<sup>\*</sup>LIGHT BEFORE DUSK—Longmans, 1942. \$2.50. The author, a convert, and the daughter of a former Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, describes her connections with the French Catholic revival.

signed a job, one which I held myself in 1941-42, and which was described by the Soviet consul-general as "slave labor." I am told that one of the first things Kasenkina did at Reed Farm was to attend Mass in the Russian Orthodox chapel there. Kasenkina is not and was never a communist. She was simply a Russian schoolteacher, very much like those, I believe, who taught at Yasnaya Poliana in Tolstoy's schools. One of Tolstoy's former teachers, Martha Knudson, is the manager of Reed Farm. Her name fits her well, for if "she is troubled about many things," it is certainly not about herself. She sleeps in a cubicle, which any "rugged individualist" would reject with horror. She is first to rise and last to go to bed. She has supervised every branch of Reed Farm: refectory, kitchen, chicken farm, but her favorite job is the children's camp, which houses about 50 in summer.

Ages at the farm vary from 15 days to 85 years. Several births have occurred there recently. There have been funerals, and there is always sickness and distress to be eased and comforted. There are also weddings and Baptisms. The chapel is small, but decorated with love and with great liturgical sense. The choir is composed of residents and some friends from outside. There is a resident Orthodox priest, a good man and a good social worker, who has shown many new arrivals how "to live together." The iconostasis, a fine piece of craftsmanship, is the work of the farm's carpenter. This carpenter reads the Epis-



tle at Mass according to the custom.

In the formal language of social work, the Tolstoy Foundation has four principal assignments: 1, the task of bringing Russian refugees from DP camps abroad, with individual affidavits and the help of American immigration authorities; 2, tracing relatives and friends capable of helping DP's; 3, sending food parcels, clothing and medicines to DP camps; 4, resettlement of DP's arriving in America, with temporary shelter and work at the farm until permanent jobs are secured.

"Resettlement" means many things. It means finding a roof and daily meals when a room in New York and a lunch counter are beyond a DP's resources. It means not having to depend on charity, but becoming part immediately of a flourishing community. It means becoming a member of a family, with one's own people and one's own Church. It also means learning gradually and harmoniously about U. S. life; for Reed Farm is America. There are courses in English, so that the DP can learn the language before he looks for a job. And he learns the American way of life from American neighbors, from the country store and post office and the station master of the Valley-Cottage village. He also learns the American way of life from his fellow Russians, who came to this country before him, some of them American-born GI's, students or recent American citizens. After the terrible ordeal of the war, after the camps of Germany, resettlement is also a moral

reorientation; it requires time and human understanding. The air of freedom is something to which Americans are so accustomed that they are almost unaware of it. But to many a DP, his new-found freedom is an almost startling initiation.

Who are the residents? Intellectuals, technicians, families with small children, old persons and young, artists, writers, musicians, rural workers and craftsmen, men who write books, men who drive tractors. There is no class distinction, no discrimination, and no one has the feeling of "having outstayed his welcome." However, when a guest feels that he is really on his feet he moves along so that others may take his place, for there are many others on the waiting list. With the new DP legislation, the problem will grow from day to day. Moreover, DP's are not the only problem. There are Russians "out of luck" in America, too: old Russian *émigrés*, sick and poor; young Russian children whose parents cannot afford a family vacation; intellectuals whose works do not sell. And there are also people "in luck" who come as devotees of the work, or in memory of Tolstoy, or out of friendship for his daughter. Russian artists and scientists come on pilgrimage. The Don Cossacks and the Russian ballet pay occasional visits. And over week ends come the children's parents from New York, and American friends: pastors, social workers, members of philanthropic and youth organizations. All need accommodation, food, shelter in which to spend



the day when it rains. For a couple of summers and more, Alexandra Tolstoy had no room she could call her own; she was continually giving up her bed and sleeping out on the porch. Now she has moved into a small cottage away from the main building. There in the morning before driving to her New York office she enjoys a few hours' peace devoted to writing a book about her father.

This is the scene which the Soviet consulate chose for its exploit of rescuing Oksana Kasenkina from the clutches of "White bandits." The people they dealt with were quiet, scholarly Socialist Zenzinov and Tolstoy's daughter, working among the poor and the humble that Tolstoy loved. The symbolic significance of this need

scarcely be stressed. But sitting with Alexandra Tolstoy in the Reed Farm office, I could not help mentioning it to her. Everything was at peace again in the small world which, for so many, including myself, has meant security and shelter. Upstairs, in the chapel, they were singing Vespers. The quiet August dusk was descending over the Hudson. I was in America, but I was also in Russia, at Yasnaya Poliana, for Alexandra was speaking to me of her father, of how he taught brotherly love and manual labor, as the surest way of leading man toward Christ. Then she spoke of Kasenkina, and how she had been that day removed from the critical list. "Indeed," she said, "in that terrible plunge, she did not dash her foot against a stone."



### Here

IF IT is impossible to make automobiles without wage fights, strikes, conflict between auto workers, a guaranteed annual family wage; if it is impossible to make automobiles in such a way that auto workers will enjoy their work, no one has yet invented a practical automobile.

From "Our Stand" by A. J. Jackson in the *Catholic Week* (9 Sept. '48).

### And There

A DELEGATION of American workers who were visiting Soviet automobile factories asked the comrades, "Who owns these factories?" "The workers," was the reply. "And who rides in these cars?" "Hm, hm, Comrade Stalin, all the members of the Politburo, our glorious army, and the most illustrious Soviet patriots."

Some time later a Soviet delegation visited auto factories in America. "Who owns these factories?" they asked. "Mr. X." "And who rides in all these cars?" "The American workers."

Lys Mykyta in *Quote* (25-31 July '48).



Subterranean graces

# Father Baker's Gas Wells

By  
JAMES R. CLEARY



Condensed from the  
*Courier Journal\**

THE special novena was in its eighth day. Benediction was being held, and Father Baker knelt at the foot of the altar, deep in prayer.

Suddenly a disturbance was heard in the rear of the church. Footsteps grew louder with each step. A boy entered the sanctuary, tiptoed over to Father Baker, whispered in his ear.

Father Baker's lips quivered as he said, "Yes, my son."

He could scarcely contain himself. But he had to. He announced the good news the boy had brought him, finished Benediction, and led the congregation in a *Te Deum*.

The story of Father Baker's gas wells in Lackawanna, a nation-wide sensation half a century ago, is now completed after exhaustive research by officials at Our Lady of Victory institutions.

Father Nelson H. Baker, a monsignor when he died July 29, 1936, at 95, solved his greatest problem, huge fuel bills, with discovery of a well in 1891, another in 1911. With his wells, Father Baker saved thousands of dollars a year. The savings were so great that not until 1922 did the priest consent to close gas jets and install electric lights. Today his wells furnish gas for all cooking in the institutions and for

heating water boilers. So strong is the pressure in stove jets that flames leap as high as 12 inches. Authorities say the supply of the two wells appears unlimited.

In 1890 Father Baker was engaged in expanding the institute's original facilities, St. John's Protectory for Boys and St. Joseph's Boys' Orphan Asylum. Lackawanna then was called Limestone, West Seneca.

Father Baker knew he could not invest money in new facilities while saddled with a huge fuel expense. He was using coal, wood, and kerosene. He prayed fervently to Our Lady of Victory for help. At length, he had an inspiration. Natural gas had been introduced only a few years previously in Buffalo.

Father Baker would drill for gas. He was aware that Bishop Stephen Ryan of Buffalo recently had received a \$5,000 gift to be used at his own discretion.

Father Baker drove the five miles to Buffalo in his buggy to ask his superior for funds. But the bishop was shocked when he heard the request. He reminded the priest that Limestone was noted for its dry holes. But Father Baker insisted.

After much persuasion, Bishop



## FATHER BAKER'S GAS WELLS

Ryan gave him \$500. That would hardly buy tools, Father Baker pointed out. Somewhat reluctantly, the bishop increased his grant to \$2,000.

Public announcement of the project swept through Limestone like wildfire. "Dig a well in Limestone? Father Baker must be mad."

Even a nun at the institute told Father Baker, "We know you have literally performed miracles here, Father, and I am sure no project you have in mind could surprise us, but this is not a project. This is a folly, sheer folly."

Gas experts from Buffalo went to see the Father who planned to "lose good money, waste his valuable time, and be the laughingstock of the countryside." They offered scientific proof that gas could not be found in that area.

"Well if there is no gas in the ground, Our Lady of Victory will put some there for us," the priest smiled.

A few days later, Father Baker formed a procession of nuns, Brothers, and altar boys, and marched from the protectory across the street to the garden, where he walked daily as he read his office. He led the Rosary and a hymn in honor of Our Lady of Victory. When the procession reached Father Baker's "prayer path" between flowers and vegetables, he raised a hand and halted. With two acolytes he walked to the end of the path, prayed, and sprinkled the ground with holy water. Removing a medal of Our Lady of Victory from his cassock, he uncovered a small patch of earth and placed the medal a few inches beneath the ground's surface.

"We will drill here," he announced. "Now let us get back to our work."

When drilling started in May, 1891, the story of "Father Baker's folly" brought hundreds from the countryside to watch.

Weeks of drilling passed and there were no signs of gas. The drillers shook their heads. "They were beyond 600 feet," they said. Spectators became fewer as days dragged into weeks, months. The drillers went deeper, but there was no gas.

In August, the institute's annual public novena in honor of the Assumption of the Mother of God into heaven was held as usual. The novena ended and no gas was found.

After the novena his friends asked, "Well, Father, what now?" The priest was quick to announce a special novena to start immediately. Throughout the novena, Father Baker knelt at the foot of his altar: "I have placed this well under your patronage," he whispered, "You know we must have gas. It is a necessity, not a luxury, we are asking."

On the eighth day his prayers were answered. The ninth was a day of joyful thanksgiving.

When Father Baker arrived at the well he found the drillers and spectators crying with joy. Gas was found at a depth of 1,145 feet.

The news spread rapidly, and thousands came to see Father Baker's well. Telegraph and telephone wires carried the story across the nation.

The newspapers reported, "Father Baker of the West Seneca Catholic



protectory got more than enough gas to heat his institutions and light his trade school and other buildings. Excitement is great in the town and its people dream of untold fortunes. Everyone is talking of the miracle well which Father Baker calls the Victoria gas well. It appears to be the greatest gas well ever struck in America."

Father Baker was offered as much as \$60,000 for the well, but he would not sell. Dozens of others began drilling, but all struck dry holes except one. That was soon exhausted. In Father Baker's well the flow of gas was so strong that extra equipment had to be used to control its 600-pound pressure.

Flooded with requests to furnish neighbors with the gas, Father Baker acquiesced and pipe lines were laid to homes within a radius of miles. He charged small fees. Soon, however, there were indications the supply would run out. Sensing this as a sign from Our Lady of Victory that the gas was to be used exclusively for the charitable institutions, Father Baker discontinued service to the community.

Twenty years later, a second well was drilled to augment the original, which often had to be closed for cleaning and repair. The second well proved equally successful. It was drilled at the other end of Father Baker's "prayer path."



### *I Shall Never Forget It*

WHEN I was a small boy I had a severe attack of typhoid after which I could neither swallow food nor speak. Our doctor suggested nasal feeding and brought in the necessary instruments, tube and funnel. The food, 36 ounces, consisting of milk, orange juice, tonics, Kanchi water, and medicine was prepared. The tube was then passed through my nose and the funnel was set up. The doctor checked to see whether the tube had entered the lungs or the stomach, and thought everything was in order. He took a cup of liquid and was about to pour it into the funnel.

"Stop, please," said my grandfather. "I forgot to make the sign of the cross over him. I have done that every time he has taken medicine." He began to make the sign of the cross over me. As he did so, another doctor, who was a relative of ours, came in the room and out of curiosity examined the feeding arrangement. He found that the tube had passed into my lungs! In my condition survival of the mistake would have been extraordinary. Furthermore, the second doctor told us that he had, without knowing or reflecting why, driven his car at top speed on his way to visit us. C. Thekkekkala, Kunnammkulam, Malabar.

Readers are invited to submit similar experiences. We shall pay \$25 on publication for acceptable ones. Sorry we can't return manuscripts, but we shall carefully consider all that are submitted.—The editors.



*Franciscan in disguise*



SENATOR JOSEPH BALL of Minnesota, no friend of Secretary Marshall's European Recovery program, may be interested to know that his 88-year-old uncle, William R. Ball, living on an \$85-a-month pension, is conducting a one-man ERP operation from his two-room flat in Santa Cruz, across the bay from Monterey. When we heard that Mr. Ball, whose neighbors call him Mr. ERP, had sent to Europe since VE Day 5,000 pounds of foodstuffs and clothing, as well as American schoolbooks for hungry little minds, we decided to learn how he managed it.

The day we called at his place, a small apartment in an old frame house at 310 Cedar St., Mr. Ball was sitting in a wicker rocking chair untangling wads of string. He wore a collarless shirt open at the throat, and his slippered feet were resting on an improvised ottoman, a velvet-covered prune box.

"Well, I've developed into a first-class beggar," said Mr. Ball, summing up the secret of his small-scale Marshall

Plan operation. When the fruit in the backyards of Cedar St. is ripe for packing, he said, he goes calling with a basket for fruit which he preserves as jam (104 quarts last year) to make the dark European bread more palatable. To the German-born butcher at the market, he speaks in German, and comes away with a load of pork leaf and kidney fat, which he renders and seals in tins, along with the sweet cracklings. At church rummage sales, he buys worn garments and shoes and on gray days he mends, patches, and cobbles. He has permission to ransack basements along the block for last year's schoolbooks, last month's magazines, and last year's newspapers. The textbooks and better magazines serve as packing for the parcels; the rest are sold for scrap and the revenue used to buy sugar, beans, pancake flour, and soap for his orphans overseas. He forages the town for usable coffee tins, pickle jars, rope, and pieces of string.

"That's all there is to it," said Mr. Ball, straightening out a piece of twine he had just unraveled. His apartment had the Monday washday atmosphere of a farm kitchen at canning time. On a thick-legged round table at his elbow was a clutter of ink bottles, stubby pencils, old-style pens with insertable points, mucilage, tubes of glue, a penknife, scotch tape, tacks, nails, scissors, thread, and three pairs of broken eyeglasses.

Without his spectacles, Mr. Ball looks like Santa Claus with no beard. His white hair has a hot-weather trim,



and alert eyes dominate a round, pink face remarkably free of wrinkles. He has no teeth because, he says, he "can't afford new dentures till Europe is on its feet."

Mr. Ball's present philanthropy goes back to 1924, when, while visiting France, he adopted a boy named Billy Lorenz, a 12-year-old orphan he found in an Alsatian village. He brought Billy to Los Angeles, where the boy attended school for two years until homesickness sent him back to France. Billy, who has since married, reared a family of his own, and moved to Bad Münster, Germany, has corresponded regularly. Immediately after VE Day, Mr. Ball sent Billy and his family a package of food and clothing. The word apparently got around, and soon Mr. Ball had requests for more packages. One man wrote with fine candor from Seltz, France, "My wife nags me every day, 'Why don't you write to that rich old man in America and tell him to send us things?'" Mr. Ball always replies with a full, varied package. Then he asks Billy to investigate families receiving the packages. If Billy reports unfavorably, they are dropped. Currently on the regular list are eight families totaling 28 persons, mostly war widows and their children.

Some months, when he sends as many as eight packages, he has to dig deep for stamps, \$24.64. Quintin Har-

ris, a neighbor, usually drives him to the post office when a shipment exceeds two packages. If only two are ready for mailing, Mr. ERP hustles down the 40-odd pounds himself.

Mr. Ball is used to hustling. At 16 he ran away from the Virginia plantation, where he was born, to work in a California vineyard. He next spent ten years at sea, returned to California to marry, and then moved to Minneapolis to teach school. In 1898, he became district school superintendent, a job he was to hold until retirement in 1924, when he enrolled, at 64, at the University of California to work for a teacher's certificate. He had hoped to join the faculty of San José State college, but became instead a tour conductor in Europe until 1936.

Mr. Ball's philanthropy is financed entirely by his \$85-a-month pension, part of which comes from the California state old-age allowance and part from an annuity provided by Minneapolis for retired school superintendents. He views his little ERP enterprise as merely a freeman's duty.

"I don't call this generosity," he says. "If anything, you might call it simply a conception of duty, a duty that gives me pleasure. Europe needs help. But let's stop trying to quash the evil that might be there; let's try to build up the good there is there. What we do that is good will generate good."



*T*HE greatest undeveloped territory in the world lies under your hat.

*Voice of St. Jude (Aug. '48).*



## The First Americans



By FRANK C. HIBBEN  
Condensed from a book\*

A NEGRO cowboy, with an old slouch sombrero, jogged along on a jaded horse. The trail skirted the edge of a deep arroyo which showed jagged black in the late afternoon sun. His eyes, fixed on the ground looking for the tracks of cattle, wandered for a moment to the opposite bank of the arroyo where a line of white bones showed in a patch of sun. He pulled up his horse to look at the peculiar jumble of bleached objects in the dirt on the far bank. They could not be cow nor horse bones; they were 25 feet deep; not even buffalo bones could have that cover of earth on them.

The layer of bones in the bank of the arroyo was peculiar, there was no doubt of that. The cowboy hesitated, as his tired horse stood quiet with drooping head; and, as the rider sat undecided, a considerable portion of our early history hung in the balance. But after the moment of indecision, he swung stiffly out of the saddle and walked to the edge of the deep wash. At the bottom of the arroyo, the sun struck a glitter from among the white bones. He prodded tentatively with

his knife at one of the bright objects and a piece of flint came away in his hand. It was obviously part of a stone point which had once been a spear tip. The man pulled and strained at the huge bones protruding from the hard adobe of the bank; and, as he uncovered more and more bones and threw them carelessly to the ground at his feet, he collected several of the bits of flint, all of them worked and obviously made by the hand of man. The flint points were peculiar and like no other arrowheads he had ever found before.

This was in 1926, and the cowboy told many persons in the vicinity of the small town of Folsom, N. M., about his discovery. It was in this way that word reached the ears of Dr. J. D. Figgins of Colorado.

The Folsom site became the focus of scientific attention. The word traveled like wildfire that a discovery had been made of flint implements, mixed with the bones of extinct bison. What looked like crumbling, overlarge, curious bones to the cowboy were recognized by Dr. Figgins as the bones of a type of animal extinct for the last 10,000 years! This was a great discovery.

\*The Lost Americans. 1946. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 432 4th Ave., New York City, 16. 196 pp. \$2.50.



The evidence was indisputable. Taylor's bison, as the extinct animals were known, resembled modern buffalo superficially, although they were somewhat larger. The main difference is that Taylor's bison were characterized by long, almost straight horns instead of the curved-up variety of the Buffalo Bill type of animal.

The original specimens of the ancient Taylor's bison had been collected only a few miles from the Folsom site. Here paleontologists from the Smithsonian Institution and the University of Nebraska had found distinctive bison bones in deposits which they estimated to be from 10,000 to 15,000 years old. The Taylor's bison truly belonged in the same age with the mammoth and mastodon.

As each savant looked at the evidence and excavated with his own trowel and his own knife among the bison ribs, he too found the flint points indicating that ancient man had been there. The least experienced among the visitors could tell that the bison skeletons that were being uncovered with such care were in place just as they had fallen.

The word went out to the newspapers with all the tumult that accompanied the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb: even the scientific publications departed from their usual, quiet manner. That rare thing in scientific circles, unanimity of opinion, had been achieved. That which a few had suspected and most had doubted was proved. There had been men, very

early ones, who lived in that place and who hunted animals now extinct. In true scientific fashion, this unknown was called "Folsom man," after the place where it was found.

The flint points that were found among these bison's ribs were like a short bayonet with a groove running up either side. They lacked the usual notch at the base that characterized the later Indian arrowheads. The points varied from an inch to three inches in length, and obviously had served to tip light javelins or spears. They were not arrowheads, since the bow and arrow, as far as we know, had not been invented at this time. The grooved Folsom points were exquisitely made; the grooving and the chipping along the edges and at the point were delicately done, obviously by the hand of a master. This was different, indeed, from the first crudely shaped fist axes of northern Europe, which had also been found with extinct animals.

As point after point came to light beneath the careful trowels and brushes of the archaeologists, more and more evidence bearing upon the early men came to light. The tailbones of the bison represented among the animal skeletons were almost invariably missing, and yet most of the other bones were in place as though the animals lay where they had fallen. When you skin an animal, the tail goes with the hide; and it seems almost a certainty that the hunters who had killed the bison there did so almost exclusively for the skins.



Not all the bits of flint among the bones were spear points. Here and there was a small, snub-nosed scraper, roughly fashioned out of a flint chip. With such scrapers the Folsom men dressed down the fleshy insides of the bison hides.

As the Folsom site was uncovered bit by bit, and skeleton after skeleton was revealed, it was indicated that the animals had fallen around the edge of what had once been a small pond or lake. Doubtless the animals had been coming in to drink when ambushed. The long-dried-up mud and pond deposits beside which the skeletons lay was an indication that the region had once been very much wetter than it is today. There is no pond nor lake near Folsom now. Here was evidence, indeed, that the country of the Folsom hunters had been a land where lakes and ponds dotted the countryside; and rivers and streams had flowed where only dry arroyos remain at present.

The only age when the rainfall was as heavy as indicated by those wet deposits was in the time of the last great continental glaciation. So, not only had the Folsom men seen and killed extinct types of bison, but they also had seen, with their own eyes, the great continental ice masses to the north; they had felt the chill, wet winds which swept off the glacial cliffs; and they had hunted game along the streams that flowed away from them.

However, in spite of a minute examination of every bone fragment from the Folsom site, not so much as

a human front tooth was revealed among them.

Early in the years following the original Folsom discovery, Folsom points began to turn up over a wide area. The flint tips with their distinctive side grooves were so outstanding that they could be recognized by any farmer boy or city businessman out hiking. If reports came in that Folsom points were discovered amid piles of bones, the evidence seemed almost conclusive. In the early years of the 1930's, several such promising spots were reported and investigated by various scientists who were avidly searching for the real home of Folsom man.

To date, some dozens of Folsom camping sites have been reported. Some are disappointingly scanty, as though the elusive Folsom man had stopped only a few nights or at the most a few weeks at the spot. In places, the hunters had apparently knocked down some bison with their spears or had even been lucky enough to worry a mammoth to an early end so as to feast on his coarse meat for a few days on the spot where he fell. Such ephemeral camping places, with two or three Folsom points and the skeletons of a few animals, gave little information. However, quite by accident, two places were discovered where Folsom men and women had camped and slept and ate and probably died. They were similar to places found in Europe where men had lived on top of the debris of men. They were delightfully dirty places where the rubbish had piled up in a most satisfactory manner.



But amid the tons of bones exhumed from these early rubbish heaps, not a single fragment of human bone has come to light. Folsom man, the actual physical man himself, has left no trace.

Letters to the scientific institutions after the Folsom discovery, telling of flint and bone finds in many parts of the country, gave a fair idea of the range those men called their own. Their favorite hunting grounds were on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains and the western edge of the Great Plains, comprising the areas we now call eastern New Mexico, the panhandles of Texas and Oklahoma, eastern Colorado, western Kansas and Nebraska, and extending north into Wyoming, the Dakotas, and thence on up into Canada. Throughout this great area the Folsom men trailed herds of game. As the bison, mammoth, and horse fluctuated and moved with the seasons, there is no doubt that Folsom men did also. Here and there in favorite hunting places the hunters dragged the portions of their kills. There Folsom women built the fires and roasted the flesh. This country was their own. Apparently it was uncontested except by the animals among which they lived. The Folsom men were not only the earliest Americans found until that time, but they were among the mightiest of hunters.

**T**he discovery of Folsom man answered one question and posed another. As every scrap of scientific evidence points to the origin of man in the Old World, obviously it must be

demonstrated how he progressed to America.

As one looks at a map of the American hemisphere, the region of Alaska appears as the most likely spot for the entry of man into the New World. Other routes of immigration were impossible or extremely impracticable. Geographic finger-pointing inevitably draws us to the area of Bering strait where only 56 miles of water separate Asia and North America at their closest point. Even this stretch of water is divided by the Diomedé islands, two tiny hillocks of rock that lie almost in the middle of Bering strait. With the Diomedes as steppingstones, it seems logical to suppose that man may have entered the New World by this route.

We can presuppose a reduction in the levels of the oceans during the height of the glacial periods. As the waters of Bering strait are comparatively shallow even now, it would take very little such reduction to make the straits dry land and to connect Asia and North America with an actual land isthmus. There is little doubt that this was the situation only a few thousand years ago.

In many places the Alaskan muck blanket is packed with animal bones and debris in trainload lots. Bones of mammoth, mastodon, several kinds of bison, horses, wolves, bears, and lions tell a story of a faunal population, which is the type of background we would expect in our search for early hunters. Alaskan animal deposits, as they were revealed along the banks of the Yukon and in the great muck pits



of the gold miners, were but a continuation of Siberian bone beds. The species of animals on both sides of the strait were the same.

On a trip to Alaska in 1933, our expedition had stumbled into a curio store in Ketchikan. We pounced with unscientific shouts of enthusiasm on a flint point that lay among the litter on one of the store shelves. It was a Folsom point, finely chipped and with the typical channel groove up either side. The curio store proprietor, unlike most of his kind, knew where the point had come from: Seldovia, on the north shore of Cook's inlet.

A real Folsom point in Alaska! A real piece of evidence upon which we might hang the whole history of early man in the New World! In the early summer of 1941, in a chartered boat, we set out from Seattle loaded with scientific equipment and enthusiasm for the regions of the North. We would see for ourselves the great deposits of animal bones, and discover, if we could, the traces of the early men who had lived in this animal world.

The immensity of the gold pits was certainly not disappointing, nor were, indeed, the tremendous quantities of bone material that we found in and around them. The hydraulic jets of water which the miners used in their modern gold-mining methods had sluiced away tremendous quantities of the overlying muck. In summer, beneath the short-lived Alaskan sun, the frozen muck masses dripped and fell away in sludgy masses. Within the

oozing piles, the bones of mammoth, camel, horse, moose, and carnivores were everywhere in abundance.

Most remarkable was their preservation, which seemed especially outstanding in contrast to the dry, chalky remains with which we were familiar in more southern regions. The frozen muck had preserved tendons, ligaments, fragments of skin and hair, hooves, and even, in some cases, portions of flesh of the dead animals.

In one gold location north of Fairbanks, a bulldozer was being used to push the melting muck into a sluice box. With each passage of the blade across the melting mass, mammoth tusks and bones rolled up like shavings before a giant plane. As the sun melted the black ooze in and around the bones, the stench could be smelled for miles around, the stench of some hundreds of tons of rotting mammoth meat, 10,000 years old. Apparently, a whole herd had died in this place and fallen together in a jumbled mass of leg bones, tusks, and mighty skulls, to be frozen solid and preserved until this day.

But nowhere could we find any definite evidence that humans had ever walked among these trumpeting herds or had ever seen their final end. A new clue took us to Chitina bay, across Cook's inlet on the southern side of the Alaskan peninsula. There, the glitter of flint among the dull pebbles in the sand caught our eyes. There was a familiar shape among the litter of material at the bottom of the bank. It was as though we had never left



New Mexico. Lying face up, with its characteristic groove and outline revealed at a glance, was a Folsom point! We had found it: a Folsom point in Alaska, and in place. We had backtracked Folsom man almost to his starting point. Our suppositions and logic had now become certainty.

We found everywhere the chips of flint and bits of charcoal that indicated that man had been there. Protruding here and there from the bank, or shattered in sodden fragments on the beach, were the bones of mammoth. Mammoth gave us the time; the flint points gave us the picture. Here was a camp site of ancient men who had killed and eaten now-extinct animals.

What we had found in a whole summer's cruise to Alaska could be contained in an old hat. The implications involved, however, were epic-making. We had demonstrated that man came to the New World by the front door, across Bering strait, and had lived first in Alaska. We would have to search further to find each one of his footprints as he made his way into the interior of Canada and thence down to Saskatchewan, Alberta, and the Great Plains. But the story was becoming much clearer. The first American was no longer a mystery.

**T**he ill winds that scourged the ancient lake beds of Clovis in eastern New Mexico breathed their hot breath on other places as well. Year after year the "dust-bowl blasts" abraded the desiccated soil. The winds that ruined thousands of farmers and ranchers in

the late 1920's were a bonanza to the archaeologists. Not in 1,000 years of digging with the mightiest of modern contrivances could the "playboys of science" have uncovered so much even if they had known where to dig.

There had developed, especially in eastern Colorado, an unusual pastime. The hardy people, many of whom had lost their ranches in the dust storms, had sought to find some amusing side to what was otherwise a very dark future indeed. When their cattle thinned and died and their homes were buried, they amused themselves by searching the blownout depressions for "relics" and whatever else the winds might have left there. From them scientists learned that a number of flint points in eastern Colorado were different from the rest. This point was very large, as points go, often reaching six or even eight inches in length. The points were long and slender, with parallel sides and a straight or concave base. The flint chipping was remarkable. The flakes were as even and rippled as the sand on the bottom of a pool. There was no doubt that they had been made by master craftsmen, but the question was, what master craftsmen? As large numbers of the long, slender points had come from Yuma county, Colo., they were called Yuma points and thought to be relics of Folsom man.

There is one outstanding difficulty with blowouts, however, for the purposes of antiquarians. As the soil drifts away before the scorching winds, all heavy objects are left behind. The



green, patinated brass buttons of the soldier locked in death with the Comanche Indian are left side by side with a flint arrowhead that may have been shot on the same spot long before. It was finally decided that the long, narrow, ripple-flaked Yuma points were separated by centuries from the grooved and pointed Folsoms. Who were the Yuma men? The Eden, Wyo., valley is in places dry and austere. In and around the edges of the sand dunes there a rancher picked up several of the long but carefully chipped Yuma points, and gave us the first real clue to their story.

In 1940 a party from the University Museum of Philadelphia visited the little-known valley, to investigate. Yuma points were there in abundance, and some obviously eroding from the undisturbed strata and levels. Most important of all, however, was the fact that, from this same strata, bison bones protruded. The white, fossilized bones of those ancient animals showed that the place had been a camping site of men and doubtless would produce the evidence that had been sought more than ten years. If Yuma men had camped there, they had undoubtedly left their dirt and debris to tell their story. In 1940 and 1941, the Eden camp site was uncovered.

The geologists who accompanied the expedition pronounced the Eden camping site as later than the Folsom and coincident with the last vestiges of the glacial age. Eden times were early modern times. The Yuma man, so the geologists claimed, was not so

old after all. The paleontologist raised his head where he knelt in the pit beside a welter of whitened bones and said in a disappointed tone, "Why, these aren't Taylor's bison; they're modern bison, the same that Buffalo Bill shot."

He thought he was pronouncing an end to our hopes but as a matter of fact, that single identification clarified what had been obscure for ten years. The Yuma men who made the long, slender, finely chipped points lived much later than Folsom men and probably had little connection with them. Their ways of life were obviously similar, but the time cadence of the story was now abundantly clear. The Folsom men were first, the Yuma men second by several millennia. But Yuma man's beginnings are still obscure.

Until 1936 it was common archaeological opinion that early man in the New World was such a hardy creature that he remained close to where the game animals were to be found in abundance, and that an open camp site in the wet grass along a stream was his natural habitat. Then, by accident, we came upon a New World cave man, a primitive hunter who satisfied all our expectations as to how ancient man should act and live. The most remarkable thing was that this primitive proved to be even older than Folsom man himself, whom we had originally thought was the earliest American.

This discovery involved a quiet Sunday afternoon and a student from



the University of New Mexico. This particular young man, Kenneth Davis, was spending his week end exploring caves in the vicinity of Albuquerque and collecting such bits of evidence in them as might be of interest to the university museum. On this particular occasion, he brought in a cigar box full of ancient baubles of no especial note.

The cave had been inhabited, and that in itself was something. Armed with flashlights, candles, cameras, trowels, and notebooks, we set out to check further. The cave proved to be one of a group of five, located high in the limestone wall of Las Huertas canyon in the Sandia mountain range just east of Albuquerque. We called the place Sandia cave.

As the scientific party had crawled and groveled almost to the end of the passageway, a flight of bats was disturbed. With squeaks and the rustle of leathery wings, the bats rushed for the cave mouth. As they passed, the party involuntarily flinched close to the rocky walls. One of the group felt beneath his hand, on a pile of debris, a curved bone. Even in the dark it felt unusual and important.

With some excitement we made our way to the cave mouth, and examined our find. It was indeed a bone, but certainly no ordinary one. It was shaped like the curved flat blade of a Turkish dagger. It was a core from the claw of a giant ground sloth, a lumbering animal typical of late glacial times. If ground sloth remains were in the cave, and also human remains, we might find some evidence

that men lived there at the same time as the sloths. We might yet find an American cave man.

In places in the Sandia cave, dust accumulation was six feet thick. Toward the rear of the open cave passageway, the dust feathered to only a light coating some inches thick. Throughout the length of the cave, however, the dust could be identified as an accumulation that had occurred since glacial times.

Beneath the dust accumulation of more recent origin, we came upon a hard crust of cave stone. This layer of material was the same as that which forms the stalactites and the stalagmites of the usual limestone grotto. This travertine crust was only three to six inches thick in most places and contained no implements nor evidence that humans had been there while it was forming. It was, however, one of the most important features of the cave.

**T**he crust in the Sandia cave was laid down during wet and dripping times. What could these be but the lush times of the glacial period? Prof. Kirk Bryan of Harvard university confirmed this point for us. The crust on the top of our "sardine can" marked the last wet period of the glacial era. What would we find beneath it?

Arduously chipping down with sledge hammers and crowbars into the concrete-like mass below the crust, we came upon an ancient cave floor. This habitation level was marked by an accumulation such as the dirty human



animal invariably leaves behind wherever he lives. There were fragments of bone, purposely split to extract the marrow, and the teeth of many kinds of animals. Scraps of flint and bits of charcoal were scattered throughout the mass. Stone fragments and dirt, brought in by countless comings and goings of prehistoric men, added to the mass of the layer. Remains had been left there by hunters who had brought bones into their cave home to gnaw. Bits of charcoal told a story of cave cooking fires, built to broil the steaks and chops of Ice Age animals. The very broken and mixed-up nature of the debris told a story of human movement back and forth through the cave with countless nights of lairing there, with many trips to the valley below to bring back other chunks of meat containing more bones to add to the pile. It was the accumulation of centuries.

As we carefully chipped, with a small dental tool, around the first flint points that we encountered, we saw the story clearly. There was the characteristic indented base and the beginning of the channeled grooves up either face of the point; it was a Folsom point. Folsom man had lived in this cave, dragged animal bones into his home, thrown them back over his shoulder into the darkness.

We found more and more Folsom points, most of them typical and exactly like those from the classic Folsom quarry where Folsom man had first been discovered. We found other points that differed slightly, yet main-

tained the main Folsom characteristics, and many other Folsom artifacts. There was no doubt that at least some Folsom men had lived as cave men in the Sandia cave.

**We** dug farther, down below the level of Folsom man, and we found what we had hardly dared to hope for. Below the half-cemented bones, flint, and debris of the Folsom floor, we dug through a considerable layer of fine yellow ochre. Below the ochre were other fragments of animal bones and flint and evidences of fire. It was another whole level of occupation and it occurred well below the cave floor.

The flint points that we carefully lifted with the trowel from among the debris of the Sandia cave floor were totally different from the Folsom. The Sandia points were rather crudely made, roughly chipped in a leaf shape with a notch or shoulder at one side of the rounded base. Though rougher and less skillfully made than the Folsom points, they were nonetheless distinctive. They were made by Sandia cave men, who had lived as many thousands of years before Folsom times as it had taken to deposit the yellow ochre that separated their two levels of occupation in the Sandia cave.

In this level we traced out fireplaces with small rounded boulders outlining them. There were lenses of charcoal, still intact, where ancient cooking fires had been, and there were the split bones and fragments that showed where men had sat around the fire and had gnawed the greasy flesh from the



bones and thrown them to one side. We could almost see, in the flickering excavation lights, the Sandia cave men of long ago, squatting around the now-dead embers.

The flint flake knives, the chipped skin scrapers, and the chips and debris of flint workings were mixed among the animal bones in much the same way as on any other cave floor that had been occupied by hunters. Indeed, the Sandia cave life must have been similar to that of the Folsom. Sandia and Folsom men were both hunters and they had both hunted much the same animals. The weapons that they used were undoubtedly similar, even though the flint points that tipped them differed greatly. The important

difference was that the Sandia cave men had slept in the cave long before the Folsom men.

Fitting in the Sandia cave levels to glacial chronology of advances and retreats, Sandia cave men were dated at around 25,000 B.C. Since a few thousand years make little difference geologically, there may be an error of as much as 30% in this estimate. But the Sandia people existed on the North American continent well before the Folsom hunters. It seems extremely unlikely that any hunters earlier than the Sandia men could have existed on these continents without the many excavations giving some hint of their presence. The Sandia people were almost certainly the first Americans.



### *Find the Suckers*

*I*N CLEVELAND, at the announcement that Satchel Paige, approaching 40, *he* says, is going to start, the fans pack themselves into the stadium until it gapes at the seams. To date, he has six wins and one loss. In an unguarded moment Ol' Satchmo offered \$500 to any Cleveland man who could prove that he was in professional baseball before 1927. Promptly up bobs one Carl Goetz with the photostat of a 1926 box-score from Memphis, listing Satchel as pitcher. This was confirmed by Alex Herman, who signed Satchel to the Chattanooga Black Lookouts in 1926. As the veteran parted from \$500, he asked Goetz, "Say, how much did that photostat cost you?" "Two dollars," said Goetz. "Five hundred for two," said Paige, "maybe I oughta quit pitchin' and start lookin' for suckers like me." No need to look far, venerable sir; just think of all the club owners who passed you up for 20 years because you were a Negro.

*America* (4 Sept. '48).



Where time and eternity merge

# A Monk Goes to God

By  
J. WILLIAM MCKUNE

Condensed from the  
*Record\**

THE CURSE of labor and death rests on all men, sinners, saints, laymen, priests, and even Trappist monks. And so the body of Abbot Frederic Dunne, director for 14 years of the Order of Cistercians of the Strict Observance (O.C.S.O.) at Our Lady of Gethsemani abbey, Trappist, Ky., was returned to the earth. It was lowered uncoffined into a moist, cool grave beside the sanctuary wall, below a statue of St. Benedict, and was covered with fresh dirt.



Strangely, in a ceremony designed to reflect man's frailty and mortality, there was no morbidity. The monks were chanting the psalms of David, singing of the goodness and power of God. Even while admitting the corruptibility of the flesh, they were glorying in the immortality of the soul.

The body lay on a low bier in the sanctuary of the abbey church, where it could be viewed by the bishops near the altar, the monks in the stalls, the priests in the aisle, the lay Brothers behind the priests, the laymen in the transept, and the women in the rear balcony beyond the "clausura."

The Archbishop of Louisville ap-

proached the altar, the *Requiem* rose softly from the monks' throats, and the Mass, offered to God for the repose of the soul of His servant, Frederic, began. Monks sang very softly, with little effort, and undulating Gregorian chant soared easily, like incense into the blue vaults of the church. It is devotional music, not stirring, not exactly sorrowful, but poignant and prayerful. The singers' faces reflected a quiet peace.

Slowly the Mass proceeds, with long silences broken

only by a masculine cough or two, and by the click of camera shutters. There are no birds singing outside the stained-glass windows, no locusts grinding out their whirr. At the Consecration, the only sound comes from high in the abbey tower as the bell announces to the outside world that the Lord of heaven and earth now rests upon the simple wooden altar. Shuffling fills the Gothic edifice whenever the monks drop to their knees or scrape their feet, and there is a repeated thumping when they close their huge missals; otherwise, except for the singing, all is quiet.

After Mass the procession to the

\*Louisville, Ky. Aug. 14, 1948.



grave begins, led by a monk bearing a heavy crucifix and flanked by two acolytes carrying candles. Alternately, separate choirs of monks sing the psalm *In Exitu*.

"When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a barbarian people . . . the mountains skipped like rams, and the hills like the lambs of the flock . . . our God is in heaven; He hath done all things whatsoever He would . . . The house of Israel hath hoped in the Lord; He is their helper and their protector . . . The Lord hath been mindful of us, and hath blessed us . . . He hath blessed all that fear the Lord."

Outside, in the tiny cemetery beside the church, the sun is blazing. Locusts buzz in the trees. Cameramen are on the roof. The crowd gathers around the grave with the mound of earth beside it. Four bishops approach, eleven abbots follow, then come monsignori, priests, monks, lay Brothers, laymen. The throng grows compact as the pallbearers set the bier beside the grave.

The choir monks continue their beautiful measured chant, unhurried, as if time and eternity were now merged. The body is raised from the bier, and let down into the cool grave. "Dust, thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

For a few moments, although there is no pause in the singing, monks file past the opening in the earth, peering inside for a final glimpse of the mortal remains of their beloved shepherd.

Then spectators press forward; Archbishop Floersh's voice is raised in invocation; the singing grows more joyful.

Three monks, among them the Abbot of Conyers, remove their white choir mantles, with tough hands grasp the shovels stuck in the loose mound of earth beside the grave, and begin quietly, but muscularly, to shovel the earth into the hole.

"Dust thou art!"

Suddenly the choir breaks into a plaintive, final plea: "*Domine, miserere super peccatorem*" ("Lord, have mercy on the sinner"). The monks fall to their knees: "Lord, have mercy." Those with the shovels drop into the dirt of the mound, their arms momentarily outstretched. "Lord, have mercy."

Then all rise. The archbishop sings a final prayer, a plea that the departed may enjoy eternal rest. The shoveling resumes.

Such is man: made of the slime of the earth. The Trappists do not try to hide nor gloss over this grim reality.

They know that only man's body dissolves, not his soul. And so they see no finality in death, only a transition: a transition from sweat to cool waters, from labor to rest, from things of earth to things of heaven.

The monks file back into the abbey church still chanting, of the goodness and power of God and the delights of serving Him.

In ten days a new abbot will be elected, to preside over the austere but joyful life at Gethsemani.

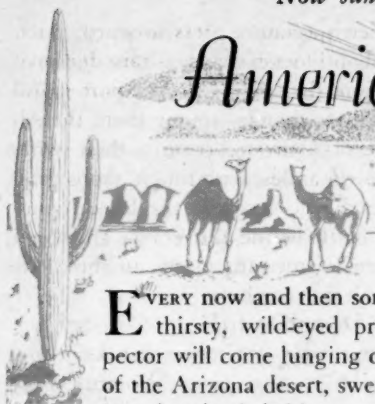




*Now sunk without a trace*

# America's Ships of the Desert

By HAROLD HELFER



EVERY now and then some thirsty, wild-eyed prospector will come lunging out of the Arizona desert, swearing that he beheld a camel sauntering across the sands. The chances are that he saw a mirage, but the fact is that once camels did roam our Southwest. They were brought here by men who envisioned the day when humped ships of the desert would become as much a part of America as picket fences and old oaken buckets.

The person most instrumental in bringing the camels to this country was a practical-minded gentleman in a very responsible position, Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War under James Buchanan. He wanted camels to expedite army personnel and materiel across the Southwest wastelands. As far back as 1836 the army had considered camels, but somehow had never acted. And it didn't look as if Mr. Davis would either. Congress was in a thrifty mood, and didn't like the idea of spending \$30,000 if it didn't have to, especially on ludicrous beasts like camels. But Jefferson Davis was convinced more than ever as time went

by that the camels would be a great military asset in mastering the vast Southwest that had been added to the nation's confines. He persisted, and won in the end.

Maj. Henry C. Wayne was dispatched to the Near East, and spent many weeks there studying the humped beast before returning to this country with 41 of them, six camel drivers, and an Arab "camel doctor." But Major Wayne began to doubt the "doctor's" value when, regardless of what seemed to be ailing the camel, he always recommended tickling the animal's nose with a chameleon's tail or feeding him cheese at the full of the moon.

Nevertheless, under Major Wayne's common-sense methods, the camels, that arrived in this country on May 14, 1856, seemed to get along all right at Camp Verde, not far from San Antonio. In one experiment, six camels carried a load of 3,648 pounds, or as much as 12 mules and two wagons could haul, and, what is more, traveled twice as fast. Besides, camels could negotiate tricky mountain paths inaccessible to mules, and were good swimmers. They could go for a long time



without water and still keep working.

More camels were imported, 75 in all, and army reports about them continued to glow. Upon succeeding Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War John B. Floyd recommended to Congress that it immediately authorize purchase of 1,000 additional camels. Camel stations were set up at several points in California, and plans were being made for a big breeding ranch. It looked as if everything was in order for our great Southwest desert to become another Sahara, with great camel caravans. Then the whole camel business flopped. Despite the fact that camels had rendered valuable aid, such as making the expedition with Brig. Gen. Edward Fitzgerald Beale that opened a road from Fort Defiance, New Mex., through unexplored wilderness into California, the beasts were used by the army rather sparingly.

For one thing, the general populace was inclined to laugh at them. Major Wayne once had a camel get up with 1,256 pounds on his back just to show some local citizenry what a practical beast of burden the humped animal could be. Another thing, very important, was that the army's mule drivers, the guys that really had to handle the camels, didn't take to the new beast. It meant learning new methods, and they were reluctant to assume that bother. Also, camels were more temperamental than the more stodgy mule. The Arabs had a queer saying, "The camel's kick is soft but it takes life away." All army drivers knew that the camel had a mean kick. And he seemed to have a

better memory than even an elephant. Let a driver mistreat a camel: maybe five or six months would go by, and then, when an opportunity would present itself, the camel would let fly and the soldier would be flat on his back.

The Civil War didn't do the camel cause any good. As the conflict progressed, packs of camels changed hands from one side to the other, but neither Confederates nor Unionists had much time to give them. Mostly they were just allowed to roam free. Major Wayne, perhaps the camel's No. 1 enthusiast, had gone over to the Confederate side and no longer sent in reports of the wonderful doings of the oriental animal to the U. S. War Department.

When the conflict ended, the War Department decided to dispose of its camels. Undoubtedly one reason was that the camels had become downright unpopular in the territories where they were kept because they frightened the wits out of the horses and cattle.

Forty-four of the beasts were sold at \$31 apiece to one Col. Bethel Cooperwood, of San Antonio, who apparently became used to seeing them around and bought them for sentimental reasons, but sometime later he sold them to a circus. But probably just as many were roaming half-wild across Arizona.

Teamsters in that region were harassed by them. Whenever wagon trains stopped at night the ungainly critters came into the encampment hoping perhaps to get some oats or



hay; or maybe they were just plain lonely, but they invariably succeeded in frightening the horses and mules and causing commotion and disorder. The angry teamsters would shoot the camels, but a great cry went up against it, which resulted in the Arizona Territory legislature passing a law forbidding the shooting of camels.

For years afterwards, every now and then, a stray camel would be seen moving in his half comic, half majestic way across the Arizona sands. But despite the fact that to this day an occasional sun-baked prospector will still swear he has seen a camel sauntering

over some remote part of the Southwest desert—one recently reported to Congressman John R. Murdock he saw a camel, bigger-than-life size and apparently of great age also, wandering around with the skeleton of a man on his back—the predominant opinion is that all the camels are dead, have been dead for a long time.

Though the coming of the iron horse would have eventually limited his usefulness, it is generally agreed that if just a little more tolerance had been shown this stranger in our midst the camel might have become an integral part of the American scene.



### *Problem*

THE nation's largest nonpublic school system took stock last week of a growing crisis. Today there are not enough Sisters to go around. Some handle as many as 60 students in each class. Others must stagger classes and work extra-long hours. The 5,000 or 6,000 young women who join the Orders each year aren't offsetting the death rate of the older women.

*Newsweek* (17 May '48).



### *The Best Answer Yet*

SISTER BERTRAND of the Daughters of Charity is the superior of Marillac Social Center. She came up with an idea which might benefit many Orders of Sisters. She is willing to take any girl who has right motives, normal health and intelligence (ages 18 to 30) and let her live with the Sisters at Marillac (2822 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, 12), get acquainted with their work and get a taste of community life. This might dispel the hard part of leaving home, getting special clothes, saying last farewells to friends and loved ones. Her plan would permit the girl to take a month's leave, without telling the world where she is going. If she tried out the life and found it was not to her liking she could return home without questions and no one pointing a finger at her and whispering, "She was in the convent."

*Novena Notes* (20 Aug. '48).



*And pulling at our sleeves*

# Japan at the Crossroads

By  
JOSEPH MULLIN

Condensed from the  
*Clergy Review*\*



CATHOLIC observers in Japan believe that Japan's hour of destiny has come, and that the next few years may see the conversion of several millions, or perhaps even all of the nation's 78 million people to Christ. Reports coming from the Japanese bishops and clergy, and from the American bishops and other outside observers who have visited Japan since the war, give the opinion a solid foundation. General MacArthur said in June, 1947, "Here we are witnessing the greatest peaceful revolution the world has ever known. I believe that in ten years this country will be Christian; perhaps not all will be converted, but at least the majority will have learned to think and act in a Christian way." One of the American observers, Bishop O'Hara, told a great meeting of clergy in the U. S., "If only there were sufficient priests to teach them, in my opinion 6 or 7 million Japanese would soon be converted." And Father Lasalle, Jesuit superior in Japan, states, "It is not impossible that in a few years several million Japanese will be converted to Catholicism. Japan," he concluded, "is at the crossroads; we must see that she chooses the only good and right direction."

A defeated Japan finds that her world has suddenly collapsed about her. For the first time in her history she has suffered a resounding defeat, and an enemy has occupied her territory. She believed for centuries in the divinity of the emperor; that belief has now been officially abolished. There were two national religions, Shintoism and Buddhism. Shintoism had long been becoming more and more a social and civic observance rather than a religion. (That form of it known as State Shinto was declared to be lawful for Catholics by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in 1936). Shinto, however, has now been officially abolished. On the other hand, Buddhism, which, religiously, was the more important of the two, was merely an external observance, and its strength lay in tradition rather than in any interior religious sentiment. The people feel that Shintoism, with its intense nationalism, and Buddhism, which gives no consolation in suffering, have failed them.

The truth seems to be that the religion of Japan, however well established the external organization, never suited the national temperament. Buddhism



is an importation, and the native Shintoism is itself colored by Buddhism. The Japanese are a dynamic, restless people, and they are asked by Buddhism to sit down and dream and contemplate. They want to do something now; Buddhism asks them to fold their arms and wait until they finally attain to Nirvana and the extinction of all desire! A sudden change-over to Christianity would not be surprising in them; they act quickly and with vehement enthusiasm. They copy easily, and worship success. Thus, though their culture came to them from China, today they are the most westernized of eastern nations, westernized by themselves, not by conquest nor infiltration.

Against this is the natural appeal that Catholicism makes to them. The youth of Japan, said a famous Buddhist monk, are not really oriental. The old religion suited the continent of Asia but it does not suit them. Christ was young; Buddha was old. They like our young Christianity, and they want it in its most colorful form, Catholicism. The sacrificial Christ, our insistence on a sacrificial rite, and the sacrifice of ourselves meet a yearning in the hearts of this intense people. The number of catechumens is now ten times what it was before the war. Those who are genuinely interested in Christianity, and attending service lectures and so on, approach 3 million in number; with the majority tending towards Catholicism.

General MacArthur believes that his plans for the new Japan are most like-

ly to succeed if Christianity is established. He believes that democracy will not be established unless Japan either becomes a Christian nation or at least accepts the Christian ethic. The American and English long-term policy, of course, is to introduce our notion of democracy. All this should help. The personal attitude of the general is also not without effect. When the Japanese bishops asked him to help them to bring in 40 missionaries, he said, "Forty? It is not nearly enough. If you knew, as I do, the spiritual needs of the country, you would not send me four times ten, but four times a thousand."

The missionary history of Japan, which is one of the most glowing pages in the history of the Church, more than encourages the belief that, given such an opportunity as we now have, her great Catholic history will repeat itself. In 1603, some 50 years after the coming of St. Francis Xavier, it is believed that there may have been as many as a million Catholics in Japan, and over 2,000 churches. Then the great persecution broke out and almost extinguished the faith for two and a half centuries, until American naval guns opened the country again to the foreigner in 1852. The Church, however, did not die. The Catholics of Nagasaki practiced their religion in secret for 250 years, and in 1865 made themselves known to the newly arrived priest, Father Petitjean, as he prayed in his little church in Nagasaki. A group of 15 women came in as he knelt in the sanctuary at noon on St.



Patrick's day, and one middle-aged woman leaned over him and whispered, "Our hearts are the same as yours. Where is the image of Holy Mary?" And when they found out he was a real priest they were overwhelmed with joy, and questioned him eagerly about "God the Lord Jesus," the "Lady St. Mary," and the "great Father in Rome."

They had kept the faith without priests or sacraments, baptizing their children in secret and passing on the Christian teaching from father to son. Soon the priest had discovered almost 4,000 such descendants of the ancient Christians of Japan; and it is considered probable that there were as many as 200,000 altogether then living in the country. Christianity in Japan has certainly proved its mettle.

The soil of Japan was drenched with her martyrs' blood. The persecution equaled in fury the worst attacks of Nero and Diocletian. Four thousand Christians were drowned at sea, many burned or buried alive, others beheaded or crucified. Every year the Japanese people collectively and individually were required to trample publicly on the crucifix. Twenty-six of those martyrs have been canonized, but the number of the white-robed host of martyrs and confessors from every part of the empire who now stand before God and intercede for their people, no one can number. The grain of wheat, falling to the ground, died; it remains not alone, but will

bring forth much fruit. The martyrs' blood cries to God from the earth. May He hear them in His own way and in His own time.

It would be a sad thing indeed if, while there was a chance of a nation of 78 million coming into the Church of Christ, the members of His mystical Body on this earth just shrugged their shoulders and said it was not their affair. At least 2,000 priests are required if the opportunity is to be grasped.

An opportunity such as this once dawned for the Chinese people, and it was missed by a hair's breadth through dissensions among the missionaries, and the unfortunate policy adopted towards the emperor. God grant that future generations may not be able to say of ours that it was given no less a chance, and let it slip.

[Further evidence is furnished by the Japanese-language edition of the CATHOLIC DIGEST. In the first six months of its existence it has reached a circulation of 200,000 in a country that has 78 million pagans and only 100,000 Catholics. If one figures (conservatively) ten readers for each copy, one must conclude that about 2 million pagans are avidly reading a Catholic magazine which plainly labels itself Catholic, and is, perhaps, for that very reason, sold out each month within a few days. Its circulation is twice the number of Catholics. On that basis, the U. S. edition would be 50 million! —Ed.]





*Drip, drop, drip*



# Life in the Factory

By CHARLIE WOODRUFF

Condensed from *Work*\*

YOU CAN always spot a new man at our plant. His neck movement is different. We older men have the habit of not turning our head upwards. Above us runs a web of pipes containing acid that sometimes drips down. The acid can be messy when it gets into one's eyes.

This business of not looking up is symbolic. Most of the 300 men here just don't have a "looking-up" attitude. They hate their jobs. They spend about a third of the time that they're awake in doing something they hate. And a part of the other two-thirds of their time is spent thinking about something they hate.

When I say *hate* I don't mean that they grow purple with rage. And I don't mean they're lazy, though some are.

I mean that they have little or no interest in their work. It's a sort of purgatory. It's a suffering they have to go through to enjoy the rest of life, which may not be heaven but still is lots better than work.

This idea of work as something distasteful is so common that when you suggest it shouldn't be so, people laugh. "Work is something you just

naturally dislike," they usually say.

For a while I worked near a guy named Joe. He was bitter. Instead of being on his toes, he'd sit down and read a newspaper. He'd get sore if something went wrong. Just when I'd almost given him up as a good-for-nothing slouch, I happened to drive through a near-by town, and there I saw him. He was painting a little picket fence in front of a neat white house with a nice green lawn.

"How d'you like the place?" Joe asked. "It's all my own." There was real enthusiasm in his voice.

Joe wasn't a slouch after all. In fact, I found he was quite industrious when he worked with his hands, doing work he liked.

I kept thinking about that. What was there about our job that would arouse enthusiasm? Automobile assembly lines and other production lines may be bad, but at least you can see something develop. A car is growing in front of your eyes; you can see the result, incomplete, maybe, but at least some result.

At our jobs we don't see the product at all, except for a few samples when we take tests. We make synthetic alco-

\*3 E. Chicago Ave., Chicago, 11, Ill. September, 1948.



hol, but it could just as well be banana juice. The alcohol passes through pipes, stills, and tanks. The unit I work with has 20 tanks, four stills, and 200 feet of pipe. At intervals through all this are a dozen pressure gauges, a dozen thermometers, and 25 control meters.

That's my territory, and I'm supposed to watch it like a sentry watches his post. No wavering in that gauge. If the needle is supposed to point at 57, it must stay at 57 and not at 56. You see it at 57 so often that you wish they'd change it to 67, just to kill the monotony.

You see a temperature of 120° centigrade on a thermometer and other numbers on other thermometers. You write down the numbers once an hour in a little book. Sometimes you think the place is making numbers instead of alcohol. Even when the stuff leaves it goes into tank cars with numbers scrawled all over them. And still we haven't seen what we've made.

After a while you stop letting it worry you. I've been at the plant for 18 years, and I'm kind of used to it. The work becomes automatic. Once in a while you ask "Why?" but not often.

I didn't take chemistry in high school; I took a business course. Besides, as one of the chemists put it, "You're not paid to worry about the formula; that's my job."

You get a chance to think about a lot of things. Your family includes a fourth little one now. Wonder whether next year's pay increase will be enough to get the oldest boy some good clothes?

That European situation isn't any too good. Any time now maybe somebody will get off an atomic bomb. Hmm. Heard a guy say on the bus today, "You know what an enemy would blow up first in this country: this area right here. Biggest concentration of industry in the world. And, boy, would all that oil burn fast!"

Pleasant thought. And there's that big steel foundry they're talking about closing down. About 800 men there. Who knows, maybe this place will be next? Then what'll I do?

Funny how many thoughts can jam through your mind at once. Ooops, time to take the readings: 59, 102, 48, 63.

Wonder what we'll be having for supper tonight.

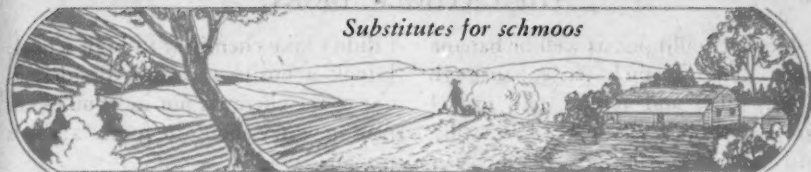


### *Medal Play*

**D**ESPITE the protest of Coach Dan Della that his men were "all Catholics and very religious," the members of Peru's basketball team were compelled by the referee to remove their religious medals from their necks in Olympic competition, because it was "contrary to Olympic rules." Consequently, they defeated Switzerland by only 49 to 19.

*Novena Notes* (17 Sept. '48).





## Subsistence Farming De Luxe

By DON WHARTON

Condensed from the *Land*\*

ED AND Carolyn Robinson fled from a New York City apartment to a couple of Connecticut acres six years ago. Having homesteaded in their spare time ever since, they say, "Each year it's getting more practical for more people."

"For instance," Ed points out, "the manufacturers of large farm equipment are now building small-scale power units suitable for the homesteader. I have a rotary-tillage garden tractor, invented by the Swiss, which plows, discs and harrows in one operation. Its steel fingers tear the earth to bits as it moves along at about a mile an hour. You also use it as a cultivator, eliminating 90% of hand hoeing. With attachments, it will mow lawns, cut hay, plow snow, saw wood, even spray your garden or haul a two-wheel trailer."

Ed's garden tractor retails for \$400. He says more than 40,000 of them were sold in 1947, mainly to people with one to five acres. He adds, "You don't need a garden tractor unless you're cultivating at least a full acre. But ours has enabled us to double the size of our garden and, on two more

acres we've picked up near by, put in extra livestock feed.

"For the newcomer in homesteading, the temptation will be to load up with too much machinery. A good rule of thumb on buying machinery is: don't—unless you calculate, from the experience of others, that your time saved per year will equal, at \$1 an hour, more than a quarter of the cost of the machine plus attachments."

The Robinsons have acquired what sounds like a fearsome surplus item from the late war, a flame-thrower. Actually it's a small affair, costing only \$20 and consuming but a gallon and a half of kerosene an hour. This homesteader's weapon is handy for ridding chicken houses of insects, for heating outdoor tubs of water at pig-killing time, as a portable forge, and for clearing land. Ed can leave it aimed at an eight-inch stump and go in for lunch, confident that there will be no stump left on his return.

Mechanization has brought a revolution in chicken raising. The Robinsons use a "broiler battery," a system of wire cages, which takes up only 3 x 4 feet of floor space in their minia-

\**Bel Air, Md. Summer, 1948.*



ture barn. The batteries sell for as low as \$26 and require no mechanical skill. The chicks never touch the ground, the source of most diseases. When operated at capacity a broiler battery will produce 70 pounds of chicken a month at a cost, for baby chicks, feed and electricity, of only 25¢ a pound.

Since the Robinson family of five doesn't eat more than 180 pounds of chicken a year, they start one batch of 30 chickens in the spring, another in the fall. At the end of ten weeks each batch weighs about 90 pounds. Instead of eating the chickens one at a time and buying feed to keep the others alive, the Robinsons kill 30 at a time and put them all into the quick freezer. Ed Robinson even kills his chickens by machinery, with a little \$1.25 gadget resembling a miniature guillotine.

For those who wish to raise rabbits there is a new self-cleaning, self-watering, self-feeding rabbit hutch. Ed's, large enough for three does and a buck, will produce 200 pounds of meat a year, in a 2 x 6 floor space. The Robinsons also keep pigs in a concrete pen adapted from the modern 100-pig pen based on the principle that pigs in small enclosures gain weight faster because they can't race about.

Not many spare-time homesteaders will bother to keep a cow, yet they all want milk. The Robinsons have found the answer in goats. "Yesterday our two goats gave 7½ quarts of milk at a cost of less than 5¢ a quart. Of all our livestock, the goats cause the most comment. This is strange, considering

that 3% of all the people in the world drink milk and 6% of this 3% drink goat milk. Handle it right and you can hardly tell it from cow milk."

For homesteaders who prefer keeping a cow there is now on the market an electric home pasteurizer at \$45. Just dump in the milk and turn a switch.

Every year brings more progress in plant and animal breeding. Ed likes to talk on this subject and illustrate it with his apple trees. "We planted them six years ago and it'll be a year or more before we get our first apple. Now look at these dwarf trees, planted last year; they have apples and pears already. The peaches, plums and apricots will come the third year. But quick fruit is not all. This also solves the two biggest problems of home fruit production: space and spraying. But homesteaders had better watch out for the crook who tries to sell a stunted tree for a dwarf. Deal with a reputable nurseryman, and make sure his dwarf trees are grafted to true dwarf roots."

Each year Ed's garden is producing more with less work because small-scale seeds, spraying materials, and soil-care techniques are advancing by jumps. Take the "nonwilt" cucumber, for instance. Last year Ed put in five hills of nonwilt and ten of the standard seed. The nonwilt produced five times as many cucumbers. That means a 90% saving of space and time.

Spinach has always been a headache to gardeners because it goes to seed in hot weather. Two years ago Ed planted a new variety which really stands up



in a hot spell. Also he is now using a hybrid tomato which yields 20% more and is less vulnerable to disease. "And speaking of disease," Ed says, "I'm following a simplified pest control program: all I do is dust my garden and fruit every week or ten days with a single all-purpose dust that controls both insects and disease."

Ed has handled bees for four years without a sting; but fear keeps many homesteaders away from them. Now a West Coast apiary reports development of a new stingless bee. Since one queen produces some 2,000 eggs a day it shouldn't be long before there are enough stingless bees to go around. In dollars and cents, the Robinson's two hives are their most successful project. Last year they produced 52 pounds of honey, for an investment of only \$20.

If stingless bees will appeal to homesteaders, so should "quackless ducks." Ed Robinson is keen about his quackless Muscovies, now available and in great demand because of their delicious meat, light as well as dark. Ed says that geese, too, are just now being discovered as ideal for the small place. They are practically disease-free, require the simplest of shelter, grow faster than any other fowl, and subsist almost entirely on grass. As for turkeys, the new "sun-porch" method has about taken the gamble out of them. Raising them on wire or wooden slats eliminates diseases. Ed Robinson knows three homesteaders who raised flocks to maturity by this method and didn't lose a bird. One can raise 15 on a 10 x 10 sunporch.

"Another recent aid to any spare-time homesteader's plan," says Ed, "is the new farm crop: fish. We've dug out a pond about the size of a tennis court in our swampy rear acre, changed it from a mosquito breeding ground into a productive fish garden. We figure it's producing fish fast enough to supply us at least a good meal a week, indefinitely.

"The greatest boon of all, and the best known, is the quick freezer. It, more than any other one thing, has made spare-time homesteading a reality rather than a dream. In the city Carolyn used to spend nearly an hour a day shopping. With our freezer, which is a grocery store and meat market in the kitchen, she shops once a month.

Even a half-hour a day saved on shopping means enough time to prepare food for freezing. Our freezer always contains 400 to 600 pounds of home-raised meat, poultry, vegetables, fruits, juices, and bread. It has taken the hard work out of home-food preservation and left in the vitamins and all of the good taste."

Today the Robinsons are producing practically all their milk and cream, some butter, all their eggs and chickens, 100 pounds of lamb a year, 200 pounds of pork, ham, bacon and sausage, 180 pounds of rabbits, plus ducks and geese. They raise 44 vegetables, half a dozen herbs, four fruits. "Our food production has reached the point," says Carolyn, "where guests start kidding us if we serve anything from a store."



This sounds like a tremendous operation. But it doesn't require much space. The Robinsons' small barn shows how, with good design, homesteaders can now get the efficiency of a miniature industrial plant. Only 16 x 30 feet, it has at one time housed three milking goats, four kids, two sheep, 24 laying hens, 60 broilers, 28 rabbits, a dozen squabs, a pair of geese, plus feed, hay and bedding. In the Robinsons' kitchen, counters are laid out like a miniature assembly line: vegetables and meats come in at one end, land in the freezer or canning cupboard at the other, with practically no lost motion.

The Robinsons' honey costs them less than 12 minutes of attention per pound. Time spent on the goats comes to three minutes per quart of milk; on the broiler battery, with its dozens of chicks, five minutes' work a day.

In 1944 the Robinsons sat down and wrote a booklet telling other families how to benefit from their homesteading experience. This booklet, *The "Have-More" Plan* (cost \$1; address Ed Robinson, Noroton, Conn.) has sold 350,000 copies. The army bought a special printing of 55,000, one for every service-unit library at home and overseas. When readers began asking for further details on homesteading, Ed Robinson set up a country bookstore, specializing in books and bulletins of interest to homesteaders, gardeners, and small farmers. The store, which Ed started in a spare bedroom,

today has an \$8,000 book business by mail every month. On many subjects Ed found there were no simple, practical books available; there was plenty of advice to large commercial farmers but nothing for the homesteaders. He began getting specialists to write them. Already he has brought out 57 publications, everything from a 25¢ bulletin on *Homestead Way to Grow Strawberries* to a \$3 book, *Starting Right with Milk Goats*.

Thus, as a homesteader, retailer and publisher, Ed Robinson is preaching his kind of homesteading to anyone who will listen.

"All these fruits of research and ingenuity I have described," he says, "mean that part-time homesteading is getting more and more practicable for more and more people. Almost every trend today points toward more homesteading: higher taxes, higher prices, decentralization of industry, faster transportation.

"Already we have had 500 real-estate men write us that they're offering acreage homestead sites rather than suburban lots. A postwar building survey in Hartford showed that more than half the people planning to build wanted a full acre. In a world clamoring for food, every pound produced by a homesteader frees another pound, produced by the big farms, for the hungry. I like to think that the spare-time homesteader, setting out to better himself and family, ends up helping his country and the world."

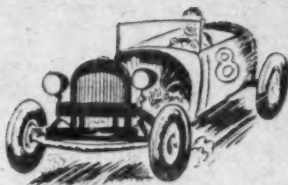




# School for SPEEDERS

By DOROTHY L. MCGINLEY

Condensed from *America*\*



THE TIME is 7 P.M., the scene the dining room of the Jacksons' home in Anytown, U. S. A. Mr. Jackson and Junior are in debate on that perennial subject, "Who gets the car tonight?"

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, like fathers and mothers all over America, worry when Junior drives the car. And well they may. The National Safety council estimates that about a million persons of high-school age start driving each year. The council's figures also show that the teen-agers are responsible for five times as many fatal accidents on a mileage basis as drivers 45 to 50 years of age.

Jackson, Jr., is just 16. And the record for his particular age group is the most shocking of all. It may amaze you, but that group kills 11 times more people in traffic than the 45- to 50-age group.

Junior wheedles his father's permission to use the family car, and we next find him speeding down the boulevard at 60 miles an hour. The menacing wail of a police siren interrupts his plans to "open her up to see what she'll do." Speedball Jackson pulls over. Here is where Jackson runs into good luck. It sounds queer, doesn't it,

to say "good luck" when a boy is about to be arrested? But young Jackson was lucky to be arrested *before* the accident that was just about to happen, and lucky to be arrested in Portland, Ore.; for the ticket the officer hands him enrolls him in a training course in the city's Juvenile Traffic Violators' school. There he learns some vital facts.

Portland's Juvenile Traffic school was established in October, 1945, to cut the traffic toll. Portland's youngsters, like teen-agers all over America, had been earning big money in war plants and were spending it on "hot rods." Since induction into the armed forces was ahead for many of them, their parents hesitated to curb their "good times."

A review of all accidents in the city in which teen-agers were involved proved that Portland's young drivers were violating traffic regulations because they had never learned to drive properly. In 1945, in less than one month's time, Portland's hot-rod drivers were involved in four fatal accidents in the city. Investigating officers listed speed as the primary cause in each case.



From coast to coast, teen-agers speed to injury and death on our streets and highways. National accident statistics show that drivers in the 18 to 24 age group were involved in one-fourth of all fatal accidents last year in the U. S., although the total number of drivers from 18 to 24 is less than 20% of the total of drivers of all ages. The record for 1947 is even blacker than for 1946! The same young drivers were involved in almost 62,000 more nonfatal accidents last year than the year before. Unlike Jackson, Jr., they learned their traffic lessons the hard way.

Let us go back to school with Junior while he learns his traffic ABC's. Saturday morning at nine, he reports to police headquarters for an interview with Tom Simmons, juvenile traffic officer. Simmons decides whether his pupil has made an honest mistake or has deliberately disregarded the rights of others. If the boy's attitude is good, he can be shown that his poor driving habits endanger others, and he can be impressed with the fact that reckless drivers often die—worse, they often maim or kill others. If the offense is a serious one, the offender is asked to surrender his driver's license. This is quite a jolt to Junior and Jim and Jane. They would rather lose their right arms.

Speeding ranks first among serious violations. What makes youthful drivers step on the gas?

Joe Brown was picked up for doing 65 miles an hour on a main thoroughfare. He had just had a fight with his girl and he was mad at her and the

world in general. The madder he got the harder he stepped on the gas. The following Saturday morning Joe attended traffic school and saw movies of actual accidents caused by speeding. Next he got a thorough briefing on traffic laws and the reasons behind them. By the time the session was over, Joe realized that racing along a city street at a mile a minute is not the safest way to work off a grouch. He, too, was asked to surrender his driver's license. That clinched the argument for Joe Brown in favor of safe driving.

Pete, another student, was doing acrobatics with his old jalopy in the vicinity of one of the high schools. Pete was too small for football; he was no good at baseball; and so he decided to impress the gang by showing them how he could "stop on a dime" and go around the corner on two wheels. The traffic officer patrolling the district thought Pete could profit from a course in traffic school. Down at the police station, Officer Simmons showed understanding of Pete's behavior and offered to teach him jiu-jitsu, a much safer way of impressing the gang. After a few workouts in the police gym and a little cramming on traffic laws, Pete was a changed character, both muscle-wise and traffic-wise.

Boys are not the only offenders. A bobby soxer was clocked at 72 miles an hour in a 25-mile zone. Two sessions in traffic school changed her viewpoint, too. When she came home she handed her car keys to her father with a shamefaced grin, "Here, Pop, I won't be using these for a while!"



The two-session course covers traffic laws and the reasons behind them, along with a demonstration of psychophysical testing equipment. During the second session each student takes the brake-reaction test which proves to even the most skeptical that he can't "stop on a dime." Using a wood model of a brake pedal and accelerator wired to an electric stop clock, the officer tests the student's reaction time. A red light on the base of the clock flashes the danger signal, and the student slams on the brake. The instant the brake touches the floor board the hand of the clock registers the number of seconds that have elapsed since the boy first observed the danger signal, or, in other words, the length of time it took for the stop message to flash from his brain to his foot. This test is an eye-opener to most drivers, especially when it is followed up by cold facts on the distance a car travels from the instant the driver senses danger until the time he brings the car to a complete stop. If more adults realized this fact, there would be no line-up in traffic court of drivers charged with following too closely.

The next item on the agenda is the side-vision test. This indicates how far a driver can see to the left and right. If he rates high, it is unlikely he will be involved in an intersection accident. Night vision is also tested.

The idea behind the tests is to make the boy realize that even though he may be in A-1 physical condition and have quick reflexes and good eyesight, he must nevertheless practice safe driving habits. If his reflexes are slower than average, he must use extra caution.

Does it pay to retrain juvenile traffic violators? The Portland Traffic Safety commission, which sponsored the school, the city's traffic police, parents of teen-age drivers, and even the youngsters themselves all say Yes! Figures of the police traffic division show that 1,247 juveniles were cited for violations during 1947. This represents a 26% decrease from 1946, when 1,662 were cited; and a 41% decrease under 1945, when 2,111 were cited. Reported accidents chargeable to juveniles dropped from 815 in 1946 to 675 in 1947.

Junior Jackson's story had a happy ending. But in thousands of American homes the story has ended in tragedy. Last year 32,500 Americans were killed in traffic accidents. Drivers up to the age of 24 were responsible for more than 28% of these fatalities, 9,100 deaths!

Unless all potential drivers are trained properly, preferably through a regular high-school course, police departments will have to retrain violators. In the meantime, young drivers commit mass murder and suicide.



THE great secret of successful marriage is to treat all the disasters as incidents, and none of the incidents as disasters.

Harold Nicolson in the *Irish Digest* (Aug. '48).





*Also known as Vincentians, C.M.'s or Lazarists*

## *Congregation of the Mission of St. Vincent de Paul*

By WILLIAM J. McCLIMONT, C.M.

**S**T. VINCENT DE PAUL is known as the Father of the Poor. During his lifetime he ministered to every known form of poverty. The methods he adopted were so practical that they form the foundation for all organized charity in the world today. Leo XIII constituted him patron of charity for the universal Church.

He was born in 1581 of hardy French peasant stock, and spent his childhood amidst the privations and toil that are known only to the poor. His education was obtained at the cost of considerable sacrifice. As a young priest, while making a journey, he was captured by Barbary pirates and sold into slavery at Tunis. One of his masters was a renegade Christian. Vincent's patience and piety brought the man to repentance and both finally escaped from Africa.

Vincent had promised our Lady that if she obtained his release from slavery he would devote his life to the service of the poor. It was some years before providence enabled him to fulfill his promise. He was acting as chaplain to the wealthy De Gondi family and tutor to their sons when he was called out one day to minister to a dying

peasant. Vincent induced the sick man to make a general confession. Before he died the man admitted to Madame de Gondi that he had been making bad confessions for years. Alarmed at this condition of affairs, the pious lady persuaded St. Vincent to visit all the villages of her vast estates to preach on general confession. So much good was accomplished that she commanded St. Vincent to seek some community of priests to give annual missions in all the villages under her care. When no community in France would accept the assignment, she insisted that St. Vincent organize a mission band himself. Thus was born the Congregation of the Mission of St. Vincent de Paul.

Since the good results of the missions could not endure unless there were pious and learned pastors to follow up the work, St. Vincent next applied himself to the formation of good priests. With regard to seminaries for the training of ecclesiastics, the instructions of the Council of Trent were explicit and clear; but no practical means had yet been found to put them into effect. Many abuses still existed among the clergy. Lured by the hope of rich benefices, too many men



of that time entered the ecclesiastical state with little or no zeal for salvation of souls. Some were so ignorant of their obligations that they did not know even the formula for absolution. By retreats for the ordinands and weekly conferences for the clergy St. Vincent set about correcting the deplorable conditions, exerting all his influence to have only worthy men nominated for bishoprics. With M. Olier he was responsible for the formation of seminaries as we know them today.

One work led to another. At the village of Chatillon he appealed for help for a destitute family. The response of the people was generous but impractical. St. Vincent wished it to be permanent and efficient. Applying his methodical mind to the problem, he organized the Association of Charity. Thenceforth wherever his priests gave missions this association was founded. As Almoner to Queen Anne of Austria, he came in contact with the ladies of her court and inspired many of them to contribute not only their wealth but also their personal services to the poor of Paris. When the work of visiting the sick proved too arduous for them, he induced sturdy peasant girls to assist them. St. Louise de Marillac trained the girls in the spiritual life. Religious women of that time were strictly confined to the cloister and were not permitted to engage in active works of charity, but by dressing as ordinary peasant girls, St. Vincent's Sisters avoided attention as they went about their task of visiting the

sick. Their vows were taken privately and for only a year at a time. In this way St. Vincent overcame the prejudices of his age and gave to the sick and suffering the tender care of women consecrated to God. Every community of nuns engaged in active charity today owes him a debt of gratitude.

Before long St. Vincent's house at St. Lazare in Paris was a clearinghouse for every form of charity. The orphans, galley slaves, sick, insane, the slaves in Tunis, victims of war, plague and famine all received his attention and the benefit of his sound, practical judgment. During his lifetime his missionaries extended their efforts beyond France to Poland, Italy, Africa, Madagascar and the persecuted Catholics of England, Ireland, and Scotland. In 1701, only a few years after his death, Vincentian priests entered China, where for more than a century they assumed the responsibility for two-thirds of the missions of that enormous empire.

Led by the Venerable Felix De Andreis, C.M., the first band of Vincentian missionaries came from Italy to the U. S. in 1816. Today there are two provinces in this country. The western provincial house is at 3628 Loughborough Ave., St. Louis, 16, Mo., and the eastern province has its headquarters at St. Vincent's seminary, 500 E. Cheltenham Ave., Philadelphia, 44, Pa. American Vincentians have charge of eight major and seven preparatory seminaries, three universities, three high schools, 12 mission houses, 17 parishes,



one Syrian, three Italian and three Colored parishes, and a house of studies at Washington, D.C. As resident chaplains they care for the sick, aged, and infirm, and prisoners, penitents, orphans, and the insane in many institutions throughout the country. In the Republic of Panama they minister to the lepers at Palo Seco. They labor in 13 missions in Mississippi, Missouri, Texas, Alabama, and North Carolina, and the Canal Zone. In the foreign-mission field they have charge of two dioceses in South China. A band of missionaries tours the U. S. South every year giving motor missions. Another group devote themselves exclusively to novenas in honor of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, a perpetual novena that has already been established in 3,000 churches and chapels in the U. S. and 17 foreign countries. A Polish vice-province is located at St. Stanislaus church, 9 Eld St., New Haven, Conn., and has four Polish parishes, one college, and one mission house. The Province of Barcelona has two Spanish parishes in this country and the vice-province of Madrid has three.

The superior general of the Vincentian Fathers is also superior general of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. In addition to preaching missions to the poor and training ecclesiastics, the Vincentians are charged with the spiritual direction of the Daughters of Charity, one priest in each province being assigned exclusively to this work. The Sisters' annual retreats are always given by a Vincentian Father, and a Vincentian is

appointed as their extraordinary confessor.

The Vincentians are not Religious in the strict sense of the word but rather secular priests living in community. Their spiritual exercises are practically the same as those canon law expects of every priest: daily meditation, spiritual reading, visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and the Rosary. In addition to the simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, they take a fourth vow to devote their entire lives to service of the poor. Their Constitutions forbid them to accept ecclesiastical honors of any kind. Besides priests and clerics the Congregation has lay Brothers who take the same vows, observe the same rule and assist the priests by performing various manual offices in their houses, filling many important and useful duties, from sacristan to engineer.

The Vincentian Fathers offer a variety of works in which a young man contemplating the priesthood may exercise his talents: home and foreign missions, parish work, retreats, chaplaincies in hospitals and other institutions, teaching in seminaries, colleges and high schools. Community life with its give and take demands an unselfish character who is a good mixer; but it provides the stimulation of living with men inspired by the same ideal and working for the same objective.

There is great need for the charity of St. Vincent de Paul today. Despite the fact that billions of dollars are spent every year for relief, there is very little real charity. Charity cannot be



measured in terms of money. Charity is love of God and love of neighbor for God. Much of so-called modern charity is pagan, taking care of man's body but neglecting his soul. Much of it is long-distance charity from men who will give money but are not willing to roll up their sleeves and work for the poor.

Despite all he accomplished in his lifetime, St. Vincent never thought he had done enough. When he returned to the motherhouse tired and weary, he reproached himself for the work left undone. When he was old and crippled and unable to walk, he insisted on sitting in a chair to teach

catechism to the children. Again and again he repeated his favorite maxim: "Let us love God, gentlemen, let us love God, but let it be with the sweat of our brows and the strength of our arms."

Every year more and more requests are received by the American Vincentian Fathers to expand their efforts in the service of the poor. Reluctantly many of these requests have been refused, for one reason: Lack of vocations. To the young man contemplating the priesthood, the Vincentian Fathers present this challenge, "If you love the poor and are not afraid of hard work, we have a place for you."



### *This Struck Me*

MARIA's mother\* is dying; outside the family home a bitter northwest blizzard is raging; within, the little group anxiously awaits the coming of the village curé. The author's word picture of their thoughts struck me because the same ideas have often occurred to me and inspired me as I brought the sacraments to the dying.

Maria was still sighing, but her heart discovered a melancholy peace in the certainty and nearness of death. This unknown disorder, the dread of what might be coming, these were dark and terrifying phantoms against which one strove blindly, uncomprehendingly. But when one was face to face with death itself, all to be done was plain—ordained these many centuries by laws beyond dispute. By day or night, from far or near, the curé comes bearing the Holy Sacrament—across angry rivers in the spring, over the treacherous ice, along roads choked with snow, fighting the bitter northwest wind; aided by miracles, he never fails; he fulfills his sacred office, and thenceforward there is room for neither doubt nor fear. Death is but a glorious preferment, a door that opens to the joys unspeakable of the elect.

\*In *Maria Chapdelaine* by Louis Hémon.

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.



# End of the Warpath

By  
JAMES O'SHAUGHNESSY

Condensed from the  
*American Legion Magazine\**



ON THE evening of Oct. 5, 1898, the telegraph wires hummed with the startling news that a major and six regulars of the 3rd U. S. Infantry had been killed and 28 soldiers wounded in a battle with the Chippewa Indians, near Leech lake, in north-central Minnesota. As far as the military authorities knew, not a single Chippewa had been hit.

History books say that the Indian wars ended with the fighting at Wounded Knee in 1890, when Sitting Bull, Sioux Chief, was killed. But here, with the Spanish-American war over more than three months, the frontier populace was fearful of trouble with the Chippewas, under their martial Chief Bogenagasag. When I arrived at Walker, Minn., on assignment from the *Chicago Morning Chronicle*, on the evening of Oct. 6, I found the people in terror.

Brig. Gen. John M. Bacon, in charge of the American force of less than 100 men, was gravely apprehensive. Some 20 miles up the lake Chief Bogenagasag had 2,000 men with Winchesters and ammunition that they had been

collecting for a year. The people of Minnesota, remembering the massacres of Springfield and New Ulm, did not know where to turn. The Fort Snelling garrison, depleted by the Spanish-American war, could offer no reinforcements.

General Bacon confided to the newspaper correspondents that his only hope was to gain time in a powwow, but he had no one who could arrange it. He knew that the ruthless manner in which the lumbering companies had cut down the treasured sugar maples and essential whitebark birch, in violation of treaty agreements, was responsible for the outbreak. So intense was the feeling that Bogenagasag had ordered his warriors to shoot on sight any white man coming into the Indian country.

As I circulated among the agency Indians in Walker I met a young Chippewa named Flying Dove. He had attended a mission school and spoke English well. To my inquiry if he could bring about a powwow for the general, he answered, "Yes. I'll get Father Aloysius at White Earth. I'll



have him here within two days.”\*

When General Bacon saw the Benedictine priest, youthful, pale, blond and slender, he was frankly skeptical.

“Will those pagans listen to you, a Christian priest?” he asked.

“Some pagans come to the mission stations nearly every Sunday to hear me preach.”

“Do they listen to you respectfully?”

“Yes, General, and some of them remain to pray, as Goldsmith put it.”

And so, with a “blanket” Indian of warrior age, Father Aloysius started across the lake in a large birchbark canoe loaded down with bags of food, while a tense crowd watched from the Indian-agency landing at Walker.

Two days later the crowd, which seemed larger than the 1,000 souls comprising the population of Walker, was on hand to watch the arrival of Father Aloysius and his Indian companion. Most of them had not expected to see the priest alive again. His canoe contained an elderly Chippewa in the red blanket of a chief, identified for me by my friend Flying Dove as chief of the council, Gaywayjewaybenung. He went on, “See his four feathers? That’s four scalps taken in battle. He is the great voice in the high council.”

After making his report to General Bacon, Father Aloysius reappeared, and was surrounded by questioning newspaper correspondents. He told us

that his guide had taken him to the Indian council, which was in session.

“I made a statement,” he said. “Discussion followed and continued without adjournment and with only short recesses for two nights and the intervening day. No, it was not tiresome. It was too interesting for that. In fact I was fascinated all the while by the marvelous oratory. The speeches were the most eloquent and enrapturing I have ever heard. Yes, my report was brief. I was only a messenger. Now I must hurry back to White Earth.”

“One more question, please. Who is your big Indian guide?”

“He is one of the pagans who remained to pray,” he said with a smile. Flying Dove was waiting for him and they were gone.

The powwow was begun the next morning in the largest hall in Walker. It was open to the public, at the chief’s request. A young Chippewa with a St. John’s college B.A. appeared as interpreter. The chief spoke no English.

“Before we begin,” said the chief through the interpreter, “I want to know if all the newspaper reporters are present. What is said here may mean life or death to my people, and I want all the newspapers to print it.” The reporters were all there, 32 of them, from many cities. The powwow began with everybody appearing to be in good humor. The fearful people of Walker were now exchanging smiling glances and cheerful greetings as they came trooping to the powwow. It was commonly believed that General Bacon would negotiate a peace or pro-

\*Who, after nearly 40 years of missionary labors among the Chippewas, retired to a professorship in St. John’s University, Collegeville, Minn., as Very Rev. Aloysius Hermantz, O.S.B. He died at the age of 76 on Sept. 4, 1929.



long the conference till reinforcements came. It proceeded with dignified deference to the chief, whose voice would be the voice of the great tribe of the Chippewas, for war or peace. The long daily sessions continued deliberately and amicably. The powwow and the last serious Indian uprising in the U. S., came to an end on Oct. 27 with

the award of full remedy of every grievance presented by the chief, in return for a full military surrender by the Indians.

Washington approved the terms of the treaty by telegraph and the eagle-feathered pipe of peace was smoked with ceremonial solemnity, ending the last serious Indian uprising in the U. S.



### *Flights of Fancy*

The sun was red and bleary-eyed,  
like a reluctant drunk, afraid to go to  
bed for fear he'd miss something.

—Norbert Davis.

A fork of lightning did one last  
quick dance across the sky while low  
thunder applauded in the distance.

—Maureen Daly.

A boy is a piece of skin stretched  
over an appetite.

—Minneapolis Star-Journal.

A tongue like a whiplash, that  
curled itself around him with increas-  
ing bitterness.

—Josephina Nagli.

The clock folded its hands to say the  
mid-day Angelus.

—Mary Anderson.

The sun spread red fingers over a  
cloudy sky.

—Philip Hillyer Smith.

Eyes as bright and big and black as  
the Our Fathers on a nun's rosary.

—Maura Lavery.

Most opened by mistake, the mouth.

—Fourteener.

Street lamps wrapped in a gauze of  
rain.

—Robert J. Casey.

Mountain goats sticking incredibly  
to the rocky wall as if they were be-  
whiskered barnacles.

—Florence Page Jaques.

Trees clad in icy coats of transpar-  
ent armor.

—Miriam Maurer.

Stars, peeking out of the windows  
of heaven, bidding us come inside.

—Lillian Flynn.

A rail fence staggered down the  
road knee-high in drifts.

—Frances Frost.

Shoes sometimes scar your floors but  
they always make a dent in your pay  
envelope.

—Southwest Courier.

Quicker than a cookie maker's roll-  
ing pin.

—Santiago Ramon y Cajal.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]





*The promotion of justice*

## *How to Divide a Tree*

By RENZO DEE BOWERS

Condensed from the *Home Garden*\*

**I**F YOUR neighbor plants a tree so close to the fence that it grows to cast a dense shade on your property just where you want sunlight, have you a legal right to do more than dislike him intensely for it? If it's an apple tree, can you help yourself to fruit from the branches overhanging your side of the line? If the roots sneak 50 feet into your premises and interfere with your garden, can you lop off the offending parts? To really complicate matters, if the tree sets squarely on the boundary line whose tree is it, yours or his? Or a little of both?

Solving such difficulties involves give and take, for both parties, and while it takes two to make a quarrel, it also takes two to reach an agreement. Agreement is much harder to come by when the parties involved are so mad they can't think straight. First, last, and always, hold your temper: there are specific rules of law to govern such borderline differences. One fundamental maxim is that one must so use his own property as not to interfere with the property of others and their freedom to use and enjoy it.

Take the case of the Thornton Dows. They planted a row of Lom-

bardy poplars a couple of feet from their south boundary, and firs a little farther along the line. The trees eventually grew immense, with wide-spreading branches, and on the south the limbs extended many feet across the fence into the adjacent premises. In time the Dows also started creeping vines in rustic boxes on tops of stumps close to the division fence, and these they trained downward from the boxes and permitted to grow and spread according to their nature. These, too, as time went on, crept through and under the fence and invaded the adjoining premises.

Their neighbor finally sold his property to the Wyatt Dorans, and the new owners moved in. At first they were delighted with the beautiful row of trees and the creeping vines. But after a few months the picture changed. Huge quantities of leaves falling from the poplars cluttered up the premises, causing extra work for the Dorans. Needles from overhanging fir branches contributed their litter. The vines penetrated the soil with thousands of tiny roots, killing vegetation and making the spot unproductive. The Dorans fumed. Then, one day, dissension

\*444 Madison Ave., New York City, 22. August, 1948.



arose over another matter, and the fat was in the fire. With trouble once afoot between them, Doran sailed into his neighbor about the nuisance trees and the trespassing vines. Under legal advice he demanded in a written notice that Dow cut overhanging branches and remove creeping vines from the Doran property and keep them from encroaching further. When this brought no results, he sued.

Doran won. The court said, "Trees whose branches extend over the land of another are not nuisances, except to the extent to which their branches overhang the adjoining land. To that extent, they are technical nuisances, and the person over whose land they extend may cut them off or have his action for damages, if any have been sustained therefrom, and an abatement of the nuisance against the owner or occupant of the land on which they grow; but he may not himself cut down the trees. Neither can he cut the branches beyond the extent to which they overhang his soil." The judge accordingly decreed that Dow must abate the nuisance within 60 days. In case of his failure to do so, the sheriff would do it for him and charge the expense to him.

In considering a solution of such controversies, the judges apply certain legal rules by which those involved may find a way out.

In the first place, they rule that a tree is owned by the person on whose land it grows, and to the legal way of thinking, a tree grows at the spot where its trunk comes out of the

ground. If the trunk happens to grow choked, so that the top and some of the branches droop over the land of an adjacent owner, even if its roots extend into his soil, the tree still remains the property of the one on whose premises it emerged from the ground.

A tree owner, however, cannot require a neighbor to put up with invading roots or annoying branches that overhang his land. If your neighbor's tree or vine interferes with your use of your own land, either of two courses is open to you. Under one, you can apply to a court and require the nuisances to be abated. Under the other, a more satisfactory remedy is yours if you will take it, for you have a legal right to lop off the offending boughs and dig up the invading roots all the way back to the property line of the man next door.

Here are your legal guideposts: 1. You cannot go around on his side and cut down or otherwise destroy his tree, although you may lop off the branches on your side and dig up all roots on your land. 2. You are not required to give notice to the owner of your intention to trim his trespassing tree or to dig up its roots or to de-root his invading vine. 3. You cannot cut off any part of the boughs or roots not over or in your land, without incurring liability to him for damages. 4. You will not be permitted to convert to your own use any of the limbs you cut off. Observing those rules, you are at liberty to wield your ax.

This disposes of your neighbor's trees that stand across the boundary



line. Equal difficulties, or even more aggravating ones, may confront you when a tree stands exactly on the division line. A tree in such a location may indeed become cause for undeclared war if anything happens to disrupt good relations between your family and the family next door. Then it may be that you will have an uncontrollable urge to cut the tree down, while your neighbor will insist upon maintaining it. You may forcefully lay claim to all of its fruit, while he may assert a claim to it with equal vigor. You may want to trim back the branches, while he will contend for keeping it as it is.

But the impartial voice of the law declares, "A tree standing on the division line, so that the line passes through the trunk or body of the tree, is the common property of both proprietors as tenants in common." In other words, you own an indivisible half of the tree, and your neighbor owns the other half. You are not even the exclusive owner of those parts of the tree, including boughs and roots, which are over your side of the line: In this joint ownership each of you is restricted, and neither one can do anything that would injure or destroy the tree without consent of the other.

A California man learned this lesson too late. He cut down seven shade trees that were on the boundary, ostensibly to protect his own property. In reality, he was trying to satisfy a grudge. A jury penalized him at the

behest of his co-owner, returning a verdict against him for \$1,050 for trees whose value was only \$350.

Whether the tree grows next door and merely extends its branches over your property or whether the tree is on the boundary line between the two lots, there is another bone of contention that may arise. If the tree bears fruit, who is entitled to it?

Legal authorities declare that fruit belongs to the person who owns the tree. As one court put it, "The title to the apple depends upon title to the tree." This denies you the right to pick fruit from the limbs of a neighbor's tree, even if those limbs overhang your fence and property. Even if you righteously permit the fruit to drop to the ground and lie there, your neighbor has a legal right to come around and gather it up.

There is still to be considered the fruit of the tree that stands exactly on the division line. You and your adjoining neighbor, you know, own the tree jointly. Not a sprout nor a twig can one legally cut away without the consent of the other. The two of you likewise own its fruit together.

Heaven help you, and him, if you cannot agree upon a division. That will be the supreme test of virtue for both of you, for you must share and share alike, giving apple for apple and peach for peach. Otherwise the law is ready to make the division for you through its authorized agencies.







*The discovery of creation*

## *Science Seeks Almighty God*

By SIR EDMUND WHITTAKER, F.R.S.

Condensed from a book\*

THE most famous arguments for the existence of God are the Five Ways, as they are called, of St. Thomas Aquinas, which take as their starting point the external material world, and lead by different sequences of thought to Deity.

The Five Ways start from our knowledge of the same universe that furnishes the subject matter of modern physics; their purpose is to lift the mind from nature to God. But since the 13th century, when St. Thomas wrote, there have been profound changes in the conception of the material world, which have had repercussions on the philosophy of physics; fundamental notions such as those of matter, causality, and design have taken new forms, and consequently there have been changes in the status and interpretation of the initial assumptions from which his arguments proceed. We may be assured that, if he were alive now, he would start from the science of nature as we know it, a science that is immensely richer than was dreamed of in his day, and that he would show how it could be

gathered into the framework of divine knowledge.

His First Proof, called the argument from motion, is essentially Aristotle's doctrine of the Prime Mover. The idea is that the changing world of nature is not a self-contained system. By *motion* he means change in general; and he interprets it, as Aristotle had done, in terms of the Aristotelian concepts of potency and act. Now (the argument proceeds), nothing can be reduced from potency to act, except by something that is in a state of act; thus fire, which is actually hot, makes wood, which is potentially hot, to be actually hot. He then assumes that the same thing cannot be both in act and in potency at the same time and in the same respect; hence the thing initially in the state of act, which brings about the reduction, cannot be identical with the thing initially in the state of potency, which undergoes the reduction—that is to say, a thing cannot be both mover and moved; whatever is moved must be moved by another.

St. Thomas then goes on to the second half of the proof, which consists

\*Space and Spirit. 1948. Henry Regnery Co., 53 S. Washington St., Hinsdale, Ill.



in showing that though we pass from a thing in motion to whatever it is that puts it in motion, and from the latter to its mover, and so on, the process cannot go on to infinity: and it is necessary ultimately to postulate the existence of an unmoved mover, which must be of a different nature from the others. This first mover is God.

The Second Way, called the proof from causality, opens with the consideration that in the world of sense the connection between the present, the past, and the future is intelligible only on the principle of efficient causation; and a thing cannot be the efficient cause of itself, so that everything has an efficient cause which is distinct from itself: this again has its own cause, and so on; thus there is a sequence of efficient causes. This sequence cannot be infinite; it must lead up to an ultimate efficient cause which is itself uncaused; and this ultimate cause is God.

The idea of the Third Way, proof from contingent being, is based on the observation that everything in the world is contingent—that is, although it exists, its existence is not strictly necessary; we can think of it as not existing. Its existence therefore raises a problem: when we consider that there are two alternative possibilities, existence and nonexistence, we see that there must be something that determines the matter one way or the other; so if it has existence, this must be from some cause. Thus, everything that is contingent has a cause. Thus, again rejecting the possibility of an infinite regress, we are led to assert the exist-

ence of a necessary being, existing of its own nature; and this necessary being is God.

The Fourth Way, which is known as the argument from grades of perfection, runs thus. Among existing things there are some more and less good, true, noble, and so on. But the words *more* and *less* presuppose the existence of a standard which embodies the quality concerned in the highest degree, so that there is something which is best, something truest, something noblest, and so on; the existence of the good implies the existence of something supremely and absolutely good, which is its pattern; and this pattern is God.

The Fifth Way is known as the proof from order, or from the government of things. In the fifth century before Christ the Greek atomists taught that all the phenomena of the universe are produced by innumerable small particles, eternal and unchangeable, which move about in empty space, frequently colliding, and associating with one another in various combinations. The world so pictured was entirely atheistic and materialistic, and there was no design behind it.

St. Thomas starts from a denial of the atomist teaching, asserting as the premise of his reasoning that natural bodies in the world are in fact disposed in harmonious order, and operate in such a way as to subserve good or desirable ends. But, he says, things which are not endowed with the faculty of intelligence or reason do not tend toward a definite purpose unless they



are directed by some intelligent being, as for instance an arrow by an archer; hence they must be governed not by chance but by intention. Therefore, there exists some intelligent being by which all natural things are ordered to a providential design: and this is the being we call God.

The Five Ways evidently supplement one another by presenting God in different aspects. Thus the conception of Him derived from the Fifth Proof taken alone is not incompatible with pantheism, and in any case presents God only as the architect of the cosmos; it needs to be enriched by the conclusions of the Third Proof, that He is self-existent and necessary, and of the Fourth Proof, that He is the perfect pattern.

Now the highest type of proof, the kind that is found in pure mathematics, depends on no premises whatever, except purely logical propositions, which are universally accepted as the necessary presuppositions of reasoning: they constitute, therefore, inescapable demonstrations which have a coercive power over the mind. It is evident that proofs of the existence of God cannot belong to this class. For if a coercive proof could be devised, it would doubtless have been discovered before now, and would have convinced all those able philosophers among our contemporaries who do not in fact accept any of the proofs hitherto put forward. St. Thomas set out not to provide demonstrations of the same coercive quality as those of mathematical theorems regarding numbers, but to present argu-

ments of such a character that a man would be reasonably justified in acting on them.

The arguments of St. Thomas depend fundamentally on the recognition of connections between events, which make it possible to arrange them in chains or sequences, each sequence leading up to, and terminating in God. In the formation of the sequences, the principle of causality plays a ruling part. St. Thomas' thought is dominated by the Aristotelian idea that behind all phenomena there are causes which are knowable entities. Nature is conceived as held together by chains of causations which are suspended, so to speak, from the divinity. Though this concept of "cause" has been replaced in modern physics by the concepts of mathematical law and predictability\*, modern physics seems to agree with Scholastic metaphysics on the presence of purpose (teleology) in the universe, on the nature of universals or general terms, and even strengthens St. Thomas' proof with its own version of "cause."

In Einstein's theory of gravitation, a free particle moves in a path determined solely by the curvature properties of space. The changes of position of the particle, in their turn, bring about changes in the curvature of space, so that the particle and space together may be regarded as a single system, whose evolution is determined by the law that the total curvature of space-

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, April, '47, p. 1. *Science Proves that God Exists*, by Lecomte de Noüy.



time is to be a minimum; as we may say, gravitation represents a continual effort of the universe to straighten itself out: a statement so completely teleological that it would have delighted the hearts of Schoolmen.

As for the nature of universals—we begin with the fact that all electrons have the same electric charge. For this the classical theory of electricity has no explanation to offer; the law of interaction is that two electrified particles repel each other with a force proportional to the product of their charges and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them; and this law is valid whether the charges are equal or unequal. Yet it is impossible to believe that the actual equality of the charges of electrons is a mere accident; it must be fundamental in the scheme of nature, and there must be a reason for it. How fundamental and necessary it is has been shown by a study of the forces by which atoms are held together so as to form molecules. Everything turns on the exact equality of the two electrons: if they had different charges, the binding force would not exist. Thus the world would be a very different place from what it is, if all electrons were not identical. In the Eddingtonian scheme, not only is the equality of charge of all electrons an essential concept, but the actual charge is evaluated by purely theoretical methods.

But the matter is not yet exhausted; there is something more profound: electrons are indistinguishable in a still more rigorous sense. If two electrons

are at one instant at places A and B, and at a later instant at places C and D, it is impossible to say which of the electrons at C and D is the one that was formerly at A; that is to say, an electron can freely exchange its recognizability with other electrons: it has no sameness of being, no proper identity, no separate history. Its selfhood is merged in an electronhood which it shares with all other electrons. From the philosophical point of view this is clearly important, for it necessitates a revision of the concept of individuality as applied to the elementary particles, and reopens, in connection with the most recent discoveries in physics, the question which engaged so much attention in the Middle Ages regarding the nature of universals or general terms, which represent the common basis of a class of individual objects.

To see how modern physics fits in with St. Thomas' chain of causes one must begin with the theory of the expanding universe. The universe is expanding; the distance between any two galaxies is doubled each 1,300 million years. If we reverse this process in order to find what has happened in the past, we find that the galaxies must have been all crowded together in a comparatively small region at some time about 100 billion years ago. This is only one of many ways in which recent researches have led to the conclusion that the universe cannot have existed for an infinite time in the past, at any rate under the operation of the laws of nature as we know them; there must have been a beginning of the present



cosmic order, a creation as we may call it, and we are even in a position to calculate approximately when it happened. One way of arriving at an estimate is to study the energy of stars, regarding them, so to speak, as gigantic fires in which heat-energy is continually being produced, more or less as it is produced in a fire by the combustion of coal (though the reactions in stars are very different from those in terrestrial fires), while there is also unceasingly a loss of energy by radiation from the surface of the star into space. The processes by which the heat-energy is generated are now understood to a degree which makes them amenable to a rough computation, leading to the conclusion that the age of a typical star can scarcely exceed 100 billion or 1 trillion years.

The conclusion is that there was an epoch about 100 billion years ago, on the further side of which the cosmos, if it existed at all, existed in some form totally unlike anything known to us; so that it represents the ultimate limit of science. We may perhaps without impropriety refer to it as the Creation. It supplies a concordant background to the view of the world which is suggested by the geological evidence, that every organism ever existent on the earth has had a beginning in time. If this result should be confirmed by later researches, it may well come to be regarded as the most momentous discovery of the age; for it represents a fundamental change in the scientific conception of the universe.

Physicists and astronomers in the

past have thought of the world as continuing from age to age, one second of time being not essentially different physically from any other: as a consequence of the new outlook, time may henceforth be measured from a *natural origin* of time.

There is a close parallel to this in the history of ideas about temperature. The early physicists thought of temperature as something which could increase or decrease continuously to an indefinite extent, one degree of temperature being not essentially different from any other; but in the 19th century it was shown that at about 273° centigrade there is an *absolute zero* below which the temperature of a body can never fall. This constitutes a *natural origin* for temperature: if the temperature measured from this origin is called the *absolute* temperature, then it is found that the absolute temperature enters into many physical laws; for instance, the amount of energy radiated away in one second by (say) a red-hot poker is proportional to the fourth power of its absolute temperature.

Similarly, if absolute time is measured from the natural origin of time (the Creation), it may be that the absolute time will enter into some laws of nature.

From the point of view of natural theology, the insertion of a creation into the scientific picture of the cosmos is an event of immense importance. St. Thomas doubtless realized what a powerful argument for the existence of God could be built up if it could be



shown by pure reason based on observation that the universe had a definite beginning in time. But in the 13th century scientific cosmogony was as yet unborn, and, as is well known, St. Thomas held that the belief of Christians in a creation was based on revelation, and could not be established independently by the means of rational science.

Now that it actually has been established, we can return to the Five Ways, and in particular to the second one, the proof from causality. It will be necessary first to look more closely into some properties of the relation of cause and effect.

Suppose that B is the cause of an effect, A, that C is the cause of B, that D is the cause of C, and so on; the events A, B, C, D . . . form a *chain*. In St. Thomas' proofs we have many cases of chains of this kind; thus in the First Proof the chain is formed by entities, each one of which is the mover of the entity immediately preceding.

St. Thomas always supposes these chains to extend, link after link, until they find their terminus in God. But the branch of mathematics known as topology (or, for that matter, common sense) teaches us that a chain can behave in many different ways; for instance, a chain might be *closed*: B might be the cause of A, C the cause of B, D the cause of C, E the cause of D; but what is to prevent A from being the cause of E? In that case, A, B, C, D, E would form a closed ring, a re-entrant system. If, however, a chain of causes is re-entrant, the proof that

it must terminate in God evidently breaks down; it does not, in fact, terminate anywhere.

It is easy to see that certain kinds of relations cannot form re-entrant chains. Suppose for instance that the entities considered are numbers, and that the relation considered is the relation "greater than." If a number, B, is greater than a number, A, and C is greater than B, and D is greater than C, and E is greater than D, then it is plainly impossible that A should be greater than E; that is, the relation "greater than" cannot form a re-entrant chain. The relation is then said by the mathematicians to be strictly monotonic. Such a relation cannot form a re-entrant chain.

Now, the remarkable thing is that St. Thomas did actually secure that his relations should be strictly monotonic. But, his solution is completely bound up with the discredited Aristotelian physics, and cannot now be accepted; so at this point the proof, in its original form, is defective, and the argument can be brought into harmony with modern knowledge only by a restatement. Happily, the progress of science has made possible a restatement which not only restores the cogency of the general argument of the Second Proof, but may be regarded as strengthening it.

The question is, can it be proved that in modern physics, the relation of cause and effect is a strictly monotonic relation? The answer is furnished by reference to the law that no physical influence can be transmitted at a great-



er speed than the velocity of light in a vacuum. This law ensures that when one body causes an effect of any kind in another body which is not coincident with it, the cause precedes the effect *in time*. Thus we see that the cause-effect relation is strictly monotonic, that a chain of causes and effects can never be re-entrant, but must be extended indefinitely as an open chain of antecedents and successors in time.

St. Thomas' argument then requires us to consider what happens to this chain at its remote end. Does it continue backward to negative eternity, or does it terminate at some definite epoch in the past? St. Thomas had to face the difficulty of proving that the chain cannot have an infinite regress, but must have a terminus: this difficulty now disappears automatically, since the chain cannot in any case be prolonged backward beyond the Creation. At this point we escape from the order of the Newtonian cosmos, and, as in St. Thomas' original proof, the sequence of causes terminates in God.

There is one notable respect in which the attitude of the Schoolmen to the external world differed from that which has been general since the Renaissance, namely, that the Scholastics tried to understand the purpose behind events, whereas the later effort has been directed toward discovering laws rather than ends, *how* rather than *why*, and has renounced the claim to understand the deeper significance of its own discoveries. The existence of a final cause has been simply ignored. It is in the light of this difference be-

tween the attitudes of the 13th and the 20th centuries that we have to consider the Fifth Way, the proof from order, purpose, and function.

St. Thomas set out from the assumption that inanimate objects, such as are considered in physics, behave as if striving to accomplish some purpose; whence he inferred that they must be directed by an intelligent Being, whom he identified with God. The physics of our age does not make St. Thomas' initial assumption, and it would therefore appear that the argument must be developed from a somewhat different beginning. To obtain a starting point for the reconstruction, we have to consider what it is in the modern outlook that has taken the place of the medieval idea.

We recognize, even more fully than our ancestors, that there is order, system, adjustment, fitness in the nature of things and in their relations to other things; the eye, for instance, is highly organized and is adapted for seeing. So far as order is concerned, our knowledge is vastly greater than it was in the 13th century, for we have attained the concept of a mathematical structure embracing the entire universe. The world is a system for which predictions can be made, a cosmos, not a chaos. Facts revealed by experience have a character of rationality: mathematics, abstract thought, has the power of solving concrete problems of physics.

Between the medieval and the modern conceptions there is not so much difference as appears at first sight. To



say that natural objects, though not endowed with consciousness, behave as if they were striving to accomplish some purpose, is, after all, only a naïve and picturesque way of saying that their behavior is not lawless and haphazard, but is governed by definite rules; and for the purposes of St. Thomas' argument one of the two formulations of the initial assumption is practically as good as the other. Mathematical law is a concept of the mind; and from the existence of mathematical law it is not unreasonable to infer that there is a mind, analogous to our minds, in or behind material nature: the order which exists is meant to exist; and we make this inference on exactly the same grounds as we infer the possession of minds and intentions by other human beings. When we reflect on the unity of the cosmos, its coherence and interconnectedness, the adaptation and co-ordination of its parts, we are led to consider that it exists for some intelligible end. In a world that was not the expression of intelligence, science could never have come into being.

Moreover, the fact, which was not known to St. Thomas, that the *same* mathematical laws are valid over the cosmos, that it is shown by science to be interrelated and consistent, leads to the inference that there is only a *single* mind involved in the whole creation; so that in this approach to the conception of God, modern science, by excluding polytheism, actually supplies a corollary to St. Thomas' proof.

To put the argument in different words: just as we recognize that there are other bodies besides our own and these bodies constitute the material universe, so we recognize that there are other minds besides our own, and in particular that there is a mind, akin to our minds, whose operations are revealed in the behavior of nonliving matter—the laws of the nature—and this mind is One over the entire universe, whose totality is thus bound into a unity. The proof from order is today more complete, more comprehensive, and more majestic than in the form presented in the 13th century.

The argument up to this point does not distinguish between a transcendent and an immanent mind, between theism and pantheism. But here again modern science supplies a criterion which was not available to St. Thomas, for if we have the knowledge that the universe cannot have existed for an infinite time in the past under the operation of our present laws of nature, in other words, that there must have been a Creation, and moreover that there must come a time when for physical reasons life will be impossible, then these are facts which make it incredible to suppose that God is bound and conditioned by a world which has its appointed times of birth and death. If we have in any way arrived at the conviction that God exists, modern cosmology points to the further conclusion that He must be, in one aspect at least, and that a very vital one, extramundane.





# Justice Temp With Murphy

By  
WESLEY McCUNE

Condensed chapter  
of a book\*



IT HAS long been an unwritten law that the U. S. Supreme Court membership include a Catholic and a Jew, a fact that helped elevate Frank Murphy when Pierce Butler died. Murphy fills the "Catholic seat" on the bench, but the blunt manner in which he has defended the constitutional rights of groups opposing his Church is amazing.

At a press conference three days after his nomination to the court, Murphy spoke of the high tribunal as the "great pulpit." When sworn in at the White House he brought along a Bible given him by his mother, which he keeps at his bedside wrapped in a towel to preserve it from dog-earing. He took the oath with the Bible opened to the book of Wisdom: "Love justice, you that are the judges of the earth. Think of the Lord in goodness, and seek him in simplicity of heart."

A reporter once said that Murphy looked like a fighting angel of the Lord with a terrific sunburn. An archbishop refers to Murphy as "a lay bishop." A Catholic friend in politics has called him "the modern counterpart of the fighting priests in the Middle Ages." Describing Murphy's boldness

in prosecuting political bigwigs, another reporter remarked that he takes long chances but talks to God first.

The fact that some Catholics see him as a renegade giving aid to sects which would tear down the Catholic Church makes Murphy more zealous in his fight for freedom of all religions, which, he feels, ultimately does his own faith more good than opening the door for legal bigots and political persecutors of minorities. The extent to which he is establishing his point in the court could hardly be illustrated more soundly than by the wholly sympathetic remark of another justice, "If Frank Murphy is ever sainted it will be by Jehovah's Witnesses." If that is to be his reward, it will be enough; but evidence is already abundant that the opinions of Frank Murphy will be required reading at the pearly gates for centuries.

Jehovah's Witnesses litigation started in 1938 when the sect's belligerent methods of soliciting converts from door to door were repulsive to many not only because they were largely anti-Catholic but because they collided with the sovereignty of a nation buckling for war. A series of colorful cases was

\*The Nine Young Men. 1947. Harper and Brothers, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.



touched off when the Minersville school ejected the Gobitis children for refusing to salute the American flag, an act which their parents said conflicted with their religion. The Supreme Court, except for Harlan Fiske Stone, who dissented vigorously, gave it little attention.

The majority opinion was whipped up by Felix Frankfurter in a mood of indignation and wrapped in the flag which the Gobitis kids would not salute. The whole matter might have been dropped with the 8-to-1 decision, but Frankfurter's eagle-screaming immediately started pricking the consciences of Murphy, Black and Douglas. Murphy, at least, was frankly ashamed of himself, and vowed to amend the court's overzealousness at the first opportunity. When that chance came, Murphy concurred separately. "The right of freedom of thought and of religion as guaranteed by the Constitution against state action includes both the right to speak freely and the right to refrain from speaking at all."

Local authorities then passed ordinances against distributing literature without a license. The court struck them down, and Murphy occasionally felt compelled to write a concurrence. In one opinion he said that the right to worship freely "extends to the aggressive and disputatious as well as to the meek and acquiescent. The lesson of experience is that, with the passage of time and the interchange of ideas, organizations, once turbulent, perfervid and intolerant in their origin, mellow

into tolerance and acceptance by the community, or else sink into oblivion."

Shortly after that the court said freedom of religion would not make Witnesses immune from a Massachusetts child-labor law prohibiting a nine-year-old from distributing religious literature on the streets. But Murphy philosophized that "the sidewalk, no less than the cathedral or the evangelist's tent, is a proper place, under the Constitution, for the orderly worship of God."

In the same dissent, Murphy summed up his feelings about the law and the Witnesses as follows. "From ancient times to the present day, the ingenuity of man has known no limits in its ability to forge the weapons of oppression for use against those who dare to express or practice unorthodox religious beliefs. And the Jehovah's Witnesses are living proof of the fact that even in this nation, conceived as it was in the ideals of freedom, the right to practice religion in unconventional ways is still far from secure. Theirs is a militant and unpopular faith, pursued with fanatical zeal. To them, along with other present-day religious minorities, falls the burden of testing our devotion to the ideals and constitutional guarantees of religious freedoms."

In that same term Murphy issued what his friends consider a noteworthy dissent. A Witness minister, claiming exemption from active service, was ordered into a conscientious objectors' camp. Deeming the action illegal and arbitrary, the Witness refused to re-



port. The court upheld conviction, but Murphy blew a dignified fuse.

"That an individual should languish in prison for five years," he said, "without being accorded the opportunity of proving that the prosecution was based on arbitrary and illegal administrative action is not in keeping with the high standards of our judicial system. The law knows no finer hour than when it cuts through formal concepts and transitory emotions to protect unpopular citizens against discrimination and persecution. I can perceive no other course for the law to take in this case."

The first six Murphy court years saw him rise from an extra long period of hazing to a period of great fertility. He developed a cross-fertilization of genuine literature with cold legal precedent that puts some of his written opinions on the pedestal with those of Holmes, Brandeis, and Cardozo.

Murphy's written opinions cover, besides religion, many subjects, though he is by far most eloquent when guaranteeing fair trials, protecting minorities, defending freedom of the press and interpreting labor legislation.

In assuring fair trials, the court as a whole has been definitely liberal, but Murphy often goes farther. In protesting the use of a confession obtained from an Oklahoma Negro 12 hours after the third degree had been applied, Murphy wrote, "An individual does not that easily forget the type of torture that accompanied (his) previous refusal to confess, nor does a person so quickly recover from the gruesome

effects of having had a pan of human bones placed on his knees in order to force incriminating testimony from him."

One Murphy dissent singled out remarks by the prosecutor which appealed to racial and religious bigotry, and laid upon judges the duty of curbing such practices.

Murphy dissented when the majority freed three police officers who had beaten a Negro to death while in their custody. The justice felt that "the policemen's own consciences, if not the Criminal Code and Constitution, told them they had no right to take a life. The significant question is whether law-enforcement officers and those entrusted with authority shall be allowed to violate with impunity the clear constitutional rights of the inarticulate and the friendless."

In another case, where a Negro had been deliberately put on the jury panel to get around earlier court decisions against their outright exclusion, Murphy would carry the mandate further—from exclusion to limitation. There would be absolutely no consideration of color in a Murphy jury panel.

The labor-relations opinions of the justice who was governor of Michigan during the sit-down strikes began with the widely cited case of *Thornhill vs. Alabama* in 1939, his first term. Speaking for the court, Murphy knocked out an Alabama antipicketing law which banned nearly everything. Murphy nullified the law because it abrogated free speech. He refused to



confine himself to the immediate narrow issue.

"The existence of such a statute," he warned, "which readily lends itself to harsh and discriminatory enforcement by local prosecuting officials against particular groups deemed to merit their displeasure results in a continuous and pervasive restraint on all freedom of discussion that might reasonably be regarded as within its purview."

In three other major labor decisions Murphy spoke for the court on "portal-to-portal" pay. The issue, he said, "can be resolved only by discarding formalities and adopting a realistic attitude, recognizing that we are dealing with human beings and with a statute intended to secure to them the fruits of their toil and exertion. We are not here dealing with mere chattels or articles of trade but with the rights of those who toil. The statute must not be interpreted or applied in a narrow and grudging manner."

However, Murphy does not always vote on the union side. For a unanimous court he held that union officials must open official books in spite of the constitutional privilege against self-incrimination, and he went beyond the court in ordering a railway union to exercise its powers on behalf of all members, including Negroes. In a separate concurrence, Murphy fairly screamed, "The utter disregard for the dignity and well-being of colored citizens shown by this record is so pronounced as to demand the invocation of constitutional condemnation. To decide the case and to analyze the

statute solely upon the basis of legal niceties, while remaining mute and placid as to the obvious and oppressive deprivation of constitutional guarantees, is to make the judicial function something less than it should be."

Murphy's most strongly worded opinions have reflected concern for the foreign born, citizen and alien alike. When, for example, the court set aside the denaturalization proceedings against German-born Carl Wilhelm Baumgartner, Murphy wrote, "American citizenship is not a right granted on condition that the naturalized citizen refrain in the future from uttering any remark or adopting an attitude favorable to his original homeland or those there in power, no matter how distasteful such conduct may be to most of us. He is not required to imprison himself in an intellectual or spiritual strait jacket."

In the deportation case against Australian-born Harry Bridges, CIO leader, the opening remarks show how Catholic Murphy felt about deporting the alleged communist affiliate. "The record in this case will stand forever as a monument to man's intolerance of man. Seldom if ever in the history of this nation has there been such a concentrated and relentless crusade to deport an individual because he dared to exercise the freedom that belongs to him as an individual and that is guaranteed to him by the Constitution."

But it was in wartime Japanese relocation cases that Murphy really hit the 44-foot ceiling of the chamber. In the Korematsu case, after the majority



had sustained the 1942 exclusion of all persons of Japanese ancestry from the U. S. west coast, citizen and noncitizen alike, he protested that the "exclusion goes over 'the very brink of constitutional power' and falls into the ugly abyss of racism."

"Justification for the exclusion," Lieut. Col. Murphy found, "is sought mainly upon questionable racial and sociological grounds not ordinarily within the realm of expert military judgment, supplemented by certain semimilitary conclusions drawn from an unwarranted use of circumstantial evidence. I dissent, therefore, from this legalization of racism."

In the companion case, the court released a Japanese-American whose loyalty had been established. Murphy concurred briefly. The detention, he said, was "not only unauthorized by Congress or the Executive but is another example of the unconstitutional resort to racism inherent in the entire evacuation program."

Murphy's high blood pressure had hardly subsided when, early in 1946, he wrote long blasts in the *Yamashita*, *Homma*, and *Hawaiian military law cases*. While the court refused to set aside the death sentence of Japanese General Yamashita, imposed hastily by an army commission, Murphy dissented at white heat.

"The immutable rights of the individual," Murphy wrote, "belong not alone to the members of those nations that excel on the battlefield or that subscribe to the democratic ideology. No court or legislature or executive, not

even the mightiest army in the world, can ever destroy them. To conclude otherwise is to admit that the enemy has lost the battle but has destroyed our ideals."

The next week, when the court refused even to review the similar sentence of General Homma, leader of the Bataan death march, Murphy dissented. "This nation's very honor, as well as its hopes for the future, is at stake. Either we conduct such a trial as this in the noble spirit and atmosphere of our Constitution or we abandon all pretense to justice, let the ages slip away, and descend to the level of revengeful blood purges. A procession of judicial lynchings without due process of law may now follow."

Murphy joined the court in declaring, in a nine-page opinion, that civilian courts, rather than military tribunals, should dispense justice in Hawaii before the end of the war. Excerpts illustrate his anger.

"Abhorrence of military rule is ingrained in our form of government. Those who founded this nation knew full well that the arbitrary power of conviction and punishment for pretended offenses is the hallmark of despotism. From time immemorial despots have used real or imagined threats to the public welfare as an excuse for needlessly abrogating human rights. Civil liberties and military expediency are often irreconcilable. It does take time to secure a grand-jury indictment, to allow the accused to procure and confer with counsel, to permit the preparation of a defense, to



form a petit jury, to respect the elementary rules of procedure and evidence and to judge guilt or innocence according to accepted rules of law. But experience has demonstrated that such time is well spent."

Another Murphy obsession is freedom of the press. He took particular delight in upholding the Los Angeles *Times* against a contempt citation even though one exhibit was an editorial bitterly attacking Frank Murphy for his conduct in sit-down strikes.

Two cases involved commercial distribution of ideas, the government's antitrust suit against the Associated Press, which the court upheld on the basis of a look at the AP's bylaws, and the review of the Federal Communication Commission's regulation of chain broadcasting. Both of Murphy's dissents were motivated more by his fear of censorship and his dislike for bureaucratic excesses than expert reading of the laws involved. That is not to reflect on his integrity as a judge, for there was plenty of room for argument on both sides of both cases; it is only a comment on what makes Murphy tick.

In cases of bureaucratic meddling Murphy would strike down laws solely because they were vague, failing to set standards for officials acting under them. When Secretary Perkins issued a subpoena to force examination of a corporation's books and the company resisted to the Supreme Court and lost, Murphy said the following about administrative agencies.

"If they are freed of all restraint

upon inquisitorial activities and are allowed uncontrolled discretion to invade private affairs through the use of subpoena, under the direction of well-meaning but overzealous officials they may at times become instruments of intolerable oppression and injustice."

To round out Murphy's special interests, it must be noted that his opinions in Indian cases almost invariably uphold red men against paleface exploiters, and that Murphy feels strongly in patent-law cases that patents are imbued with a great public interest, which fact allows for their strict regulation.

Two dissents one would scarcely expect from a former attorney general were written in wire-tapping cases. Murphy protested that Congress had banned all "use" of such evidence. Where a detectaphone was held against a wall to record conversations, Murphy was repulsed by the thought that officers should be allowed to go around listening to people. Murphy believed that the framers of the Bill of Rights would have excluded the modern gadget had they known about it, and said that "science has brought forth far more effective devices for the invasion of a person's privacy than the direct and obvious methods of oppression which were detested by our forebears."

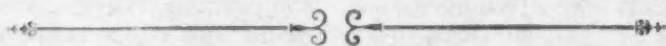
If any justice uses the "gastronomical" approach to decisions, that is, votes by the nausea or pleasure he gets from hearing the case, it is Murphy. His vote is more clearly predictable



than the others', which is to say, one can predict which cases will offend Murphy's sensitivities. Some will say that no one of that description should be on the Supreme Court, but more are inclined to agree with a particularly lonesome Murphy opinion and comment. "The court could hardly have voted that way, but it's a good thing to have that opinion on the record."

Sometimes that is a lame apology for the law not being able to face up

to the moral considerations of a case, the Yamashita case for example. Murphy can take that kind of criticism; in fact, he thrives on it. His opinions are delivered almost inaudibly, ending nearly always with the name, number and judgment in the case. To sit in the chamber when opinions are being handed down, one would think that Murphy never does anything, but he prefers to concentrate on a written record, in indelible ink.



*Down payment comes first*

## You Can Make Friends

By O. A. BATTISTA



"IF you want to make a potential friend a real friend," my dad always said, "let him do something for you." And I have since found out that this formula works like magic even in converting a professed enemy to your side.

For example, at one time we lived next to a nasty neighbor who undoubtedly had reasons of his own to believe we were even nastier. He wouldn't trim a single blade of grass beyond the property line, or shovel a flake of "my" snow in winter. I knew, however, that he was a boiler engineer. One day when our boiler sprang a leak, I called on him for help as though he was the only person in all the world who

could lead me out of my predicament.

He came enthusiastically, almost too enthusiastically, down our cellar stairs, walked to a valve and turned the water off. My wife and I smiled in admiration as the spray of water which had been squirting out of a pin-point hole in the hot-water tank slumped to a mere drip, drip.

"You'll need a new boiler," he told me with the attitude of a physician announcing a successful diagnosis. "But until you can get a plumber, I'll plug this leak for you."

Letting that man do me a favor was like putting oil on a squeaky mind. We became real friends, and pleasant neighbors. We enjoyed their strawber-

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ries and they enjoyed our flowers. I used his ladder and he used my wheelbarrow. We didn't measure out our respective properties any more when we cut grass or shoveled snow. And what's most important, we smiled at each other, even talked blue streaks over the back fence.

The day we moved to our present home, this neighbor told me that he would miss us very much. And he added that if I ever ran into trouble with the boiler or furnace in our new house, I was to give him a ring and he would be over on the double.

The foregoing incident taught me a lesson which few of us learn soon enough. To get the full cup of pleasure from life we must share our exclusive abilities or capabilities with others.

No reasonable man will turn down a legitimate opportunity to display his best talents, especially when the circumstances indicate that such skills or knowledge are indispensable. Such a man is a hero in his own right, and what satisfaction in this world surpasses that of becoming a hero, even for an hour or a fleeting minute?

Actually, many of us go through life squandering opportunities to develop friendships as though they were as uninteresting as dirty river water. The persons who are to be pitied most are those who have few friends, or those who take their closest friends for granted.

I saw a young newsboy trip and fall into a puddle of muddy water with his stack of newspapers. The look on that youngster's face as he pondered

his predicament was lower than the mercury in a Siberian thermometer. A half dozen or so persons had gathered when I stepped forward. "Say, fellow, you're going to have to come good for these papers," I said. "Here's a quarter to help you out." As I walked on, I noticed the other adult onlookers flipping coins, which he caught in ecstasy. A block later, a lad of 12 was at my side panting some of the friendliest things in my ears I've ever heard in my life. What a quarter's worth that was for me!

When I took my first job as a research chemist, I ran into a man who disliked me intensely. It took me a couple of years to find out why, and to learn that if someone dislikes you, it's probably your fault.

In this instance, I boiled my fault down to the fact that as a young buck fresh out of college, I was quite obnoxiously and tactlessly spilling my freshly found education all over everyone within earshot. And the older scientist, who had gotten his chemistry degrees long before atoms became solar systems and powerhouses, resented my show of knowledge as a threat to his prestige and security. He would be one in a million if he didn't, and since he wasn't that particular one in a million, my unrestrained enthusiasm was about as smooth on his ego-tism as sandpaper.

When I realized that it was my colitis which had been making my associate unhappy, I saw to it that he was given more than an even chance to display his knowledge when I was



around. I aimed questions his way, questions which I was sure he could answer impressively. Now, few persons I know say nicer things about me behind my back than this associate and real friend.

When I was a young boy, I helped my dad each summer with his garden. It was hard work, especially for dad. I wondered why he grew several times as many vegetables as we needed. He would say, "It makes me feel good to use every available square foot of ground to work some of God's wonderful miracles. God must like it, too, because our crops are always so abundant."

Dozens of persons in the town benefited from my dad's garden. In the springtime, he would bring them bundles of small tomato plants, ready for transplanting. The number he would bring his friends depended on how much ground he knew they could cultivate. And when the tomatoes were ripe, the larger families in the neighborhood who had no ground to cultivate would come in for the largest baskets. "Here's one I hope little Harry will enjoy," I heard him say one day as he packed a basket for the Tyos up the street. There were seven children in the Tyo family, and Mr. Tyo was bedridden with cancer.

It was not until I was preparing to leave home that I came to appreciate fully my father's bigness. "Always live in such a way," he told me, "that your friends would never believe anything bad about you. There's no better way than this to prevent the world from

hurting you." He lived just that way.

Younger people ought to spend a little more time making buddies out of older people. Sometimes it means you have to listen to things you already know. But it's next to impossible not to get something worth while out of an elderly man or woman of 70-odd summers.

One day in my mid-20's, I saw an old fellow jacking up his model T. He had a flat tire and seemed to be having difficulties changing it. When he saw me approaching him, I noticed an expression of resentment come over his face. He thought I was going to say, "Let me help you, pop. This is mighty heavy work for you." But I didn't say anything of the kind.

As I knelt down beside him, I asked *him* for help. "Mr. Jackson," I said, "you're one of the town's most respected citizens, and I want you to give me some advice on a delicate subject. If you liked a girl very much and kept writing her letters and all she did was to tear them up, what would you do?"

"Well, feller," he replied as a happy gleam crept into his age-weary eyes, "I would write her just one more letter. But I would write it on the best parchmentized linen cloth I could buy, and surprise the daylights out of her when she tried to tear it up."

Fact of the matter is, I acted on Mr. Jackson's advice, and, not only did I get a reply, I got the girl I wanted to be my wife.

We all have many kinds of friends. There are family friends, home-town





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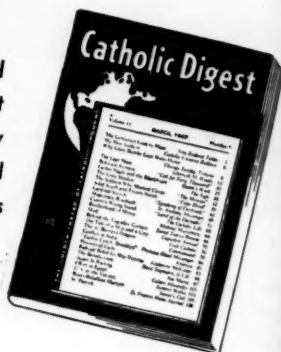




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friends, neighbor friends, correspondence friends, unfriendly friends, and what I call stranger friends.

I have developed a special place in my heart for stranger friends, men and women with whom I have brushed shoulders for a minute or an hour, perhaps never to see again. They have helped me to see certain virtues in my own loved ones and closest associates that were always too near my eyes to recognize.

On one of my trips to Chicago, I sat beside a stranger friend in the diner. He was a retired businessman who had turned inventor at the age of 71. "I am interested," he told me, "in inventing and promoting only things which will ease the discomforts of shut-ins. Before I retired, I was so tied up with my business responsibilities that seldom, if ever, did I think of the thousands of persons who, through no fault of their own, must remain invalids the rest of their lives. But I'm trying to make up for my thoughtlessness now. We're going into production on a cheap but effective ceiling reader to bring the best books and magazines before anyone who must spend endless hours lying flat on his back. And I'm trying to interest one of the large television companies into designing a ceiling-type television screen, too."

As this man spoke, I thought of my Aunt Irene, flat on her back for two years. What had I done to make one minute of her time less monotonous, easier to bear? When the train pulled into Chicago, I wired her a bouquet of

flowers. I just can't take a trip any more without penning a note to her, and other invalids I know. Thoughtfulness is something which is valued at all times, and in a very special way by persons who are least expectant of it.

Friendship goes hand in hand with tolerance, and tolerance is what one has when one looks at the facts of life with his heart instead of his eyes. I feel that I am making a friend every time I squelch a bitter and prejudiced statement about a Jew or an Italian, about a Pole or a Negro.

How many of us ever stop to realize the unfairness with which we often criticize the actions of less fortunate fellow citizens? Would we really behave any better if we were in their shoes? Do we realize that the behavior of the gangster or the shyster very often is the behavior of a cornered human being fighting against great odds for the necessities of life, and more particularly for the respect of society at large which we enjoy and take for granted.

In our suburban Philadelphia community, a young girl died recently at the age of 22. She was an adopted child, and a model young lady. But she had no friends. "From the time she was in grade school," her mother told me, "a rumor was started that one of Jane's parents had been a Negro. The rumor never could be squelched, and Jane was ostracized socially. There wasn't a drop of blood to the rumor, but the effects of it were enough to kill her."

If discrimination of this kind occurs



against young men, and it does all too commonly, is it surprising that they sometimes take to the sword, and lead an anti-social life with a criminal undertone of vengeance? All too often it is the self-same persons who lash at our minorities as a favorite way to start a conversation who should be accused of being accomplices in the crimes committed by the ones they criticize.

The most universal failing among the Haves is their habit of forgetting that the Have Nots want to get the same things out of life that they do. It is so easy to accuse the fellow who has a bad cut on his hand of not being brave and honorable when both of your own hands are in perfect condition.

Joe Cantiano was the "Banana King" in our town, and a more generous soul never lived. When it came to giving money for anything that would benefit the youngsters of the community Joe dug into his pockets until it hurt.

One day I was standing beside Joe watching a parade. A band consisting of gaily uniformed youngsters, 24 strong, came marching by. I knew that Joe had footed the entire bill for the uniforms, but what I didn't know was

that his son was playing the piano accordion in the band.

"I'm so happy," Joe said to me, "to see my boy marching just like the other 23. That's what I work and live for, to make my Tony as good as any other father's boy." All too often you and I make it so hard for Tony to be the equal of any father's boy, and when we do we're crucifying first-class citizens like Joe Cantiano, making enemies of them instead of the generous, respected citizens they crave so deeply to be.

Friendship has become one of the major casualties in our day of atomic energy, radar, penicillin, and DDT. Many of us are becoming too busy to cultivate, or dig for it. And yet, without many friends to fortify you in times of trial, to enliven your life with rich and varied experiences, to help bring to the surface the very best that is hiding stubbornly inside of you, life is apt to be, in the words of one soulless individual, "just one darn thing after another."

My father summed up the value of friends and friendship for me as follows. "Remember, son, no matter what else you do, unless you find your share of friends, you will miss one of the greatest consolations in life."



### *Russian Understanding*

ON LAST Feb. 10 *Pravda* wrote that one Russian factory is manufacturing shoes of one size only, so that the feet of the future wearers have to fit the shoes.

*Newsletter from Behind the Iron Curtain* (25 June '48).



# Charles Péguy

By GEORGE SANDERLIN

Condensed from *Our Lady's Missionary*\*

**T**YPHOID." The doctor glanced at his watch to avoid the expression of the bearded man in a black cape, who stood in his modest apartment in the Latin Quarter of Paris. Then he raised his eyes regretfully and looked into the father's piercing brown eyes.

"I am sorry, Monsieur Péguy," he said, seizing his cane and turning away. "I can give you no hope."

The door closed quickly behind the doctor. Charles Péguy stood still, staring at it. Faintly, from the rear of the apartment, he heard muffled weeping, and knew it was his wife. She had heard what the doctor said about their eldest son.

The lines in Péguy's strong face seemed to deepen in the shadow thrown by his bookcases. Around his little sitting room were scattered copies of *Fortnightly Notes*, which he published in his small bookshop near the Sorbonne. Over on his desk was a small ivory statue of the Blessed Virgin, looking tenderly down at Péguy's chair behind the desk.

With lips firmly pressed together under his beard, Péguy walked with his heavy peasant tread over to the desk and sat down. He stared at the image. Suddenly, his lips began to

move. He seized his pen and wrote.

"I have enormous responsibilities," he explained to our Lady, very seriously. "You must do something for my children. I place them in your lap; I give them to you; and now I am going away before you can give them back to me." Péguy deliberately blotted the paper, while deep in his brown eyes, hidden where few of his bustling 20th-century contemporaries could guess it, burned his unparalleled devotion to our Lady. Then he left.

Three days later the child was well. Friends spoke of the marvel of it to Péguy. He was not surprised.

"Naturally," said this misplaced child of the Middle Ages, a little astonished at his friends' astonishment. "I asked our Lady to save him."

That was Charles Péguy. He has been called the greatest Catholic poet since the Middle Ages. This faith, this devotion to Mary, is what lies behind the beautiful verses which appeared in his struggling *Fortnightly Notes*, especially from 1910 to 1941, poems to Joan of Arc, to hope, to the Holy Innocents, which, at the time unappreciated because of their originality, have since become recognized in the highest literary circles, non-Catholic as well as



Catholic, as masterpieces of modern literature.

Charles Péguy was not always devoted to Mary, not quite always, or better, not always consciously. Underneath, unconsciously, he must have been, and our Lady must have known it. He started out as a boy with the deepest respect for his own mother, a poor chair mender of Orleans, and that is the beginning of respect for our Lady. But as he progressed brilliantly on scholarships through the Parisian secondary schools to the École Normale, the training school for university professors, he became an atheist—at least, on the surface. He was a socialist, too, but one of a rather unusual type. He didn't want to make the poor rich; he thought it would be better to make the rich poor, decently poor, and to help people who were in utter destitution. His ideal was not more luxuries for everyone, the materialist goal of the Marxians, but holy poverty, the blessed assurance of a bare living in return for honest work. That would be the best spiritually, that was the honorable life of the old peasant France.

"Most of the socialist theorists, beginning with Marx," Péguy was fond of pointing out, "have missed the experience of being poor. As for me, I have not missed it!"

Because of this Franciscan ideal of holy poverty, Péguy hated the rich, corrupt bourgeois, the upper middle class. "They have infected all other classes with their goal of luxury," he wrote in his *Notes*. He accused them

of destroying with their stock manipulations the security of the honest worker and plunging many into destitution; not poverty, the assurance of a bare living, but destitution, the state in which the worker fears actual starvation on the morrow.

In the early 1900's no one listened to Péguy, although he warned that selfishness was destroying the republic. In 1940, after his death, his words of prophecy began to come home.

He plunged into all the political battles of the times, with his goal of a redeemed, reformed France. And on the surface, who would have suspected that this zealous young man was to become a great religious poet? But there was a work, an important guarded work kept in an old black trunk at college, which Péguy was known to be writing and which all his admiring classmates awaited expectantly—the great revolutionary masterpiece. But when it was actually published, all 752 pages of it, it was a play, about the vocation of Joan of Arc, warrior saint of France. A Christian, even a Catholic masterpiece! His socialist and atheist friends did not know what to say. Péguy's heart had known better than his head, or, rather, it had raced ahead of his head, for it was only several years later, in 1908, that Péguy declared himself a Catholic.

In the depths of Péguy's soul, our Lady and her Son were at work. Who but they, as Péguy himself discovered in the end, could have been behind Péguy's flaming defense of the Jews? He began with the falsely accused



Captain Dreyfus, whom he defended stoutly, by word and quarterstaff (until an irate policeman broke the staff over Péguy's back in one demonstration), and kept on in behalf of the humblest of his Hebrew brothers.

"Everyone gets the Jew he deserves," Péguy noted with peasant shrewdness. "The anti-Semite bourgeois knows and hates only the Jewish bourgeois. The anti-Semite worldling knows and hates only the worldly Jew. For the same reason I know only poor Jews and wretched Jews. I see them everywhere. For 20 years I have tested them, we have mutually tested one another. I have always found them firm at their posts, as much as anyone could be, affectionate, firm, as purely tender as anyone could be, fond, devoted, of unshaken piety."

Like all great poets, even more like the great prophet which he also was, Péguy addresses the now-present generation over the heads of his contemporaries. On almost any subject, Péguy has something valuable to say, as in his fiery defense of the classical studies which were being attacked in the France of his day, his championship of the democratic form of government in spite of the corruption and cynicism that were endangering it, his discussions of sanctity, sin, pacifism.

In 1908 Péguy was talking over his many worries with a friend: his financial struggles with the bookshop and *Notes*, illness in the family, the political degradation of France, when his eyes suddenly filled with tears, and he said, "I have not told you all. I have

found faith again. I am a Catholic."

Thus our Lady had brought Charles Péguy to a realization of what he really was, and had always been seeking in the wilderness of this modern world. But for the remainder of his life the path along which he wrote his sublime poems was not easy. Madame Péguy, although she and the children became Catholics after Péguy's death, was at this time unsympathetic because of her own socialist convictions, and in the eyes of the Church, Péguy's civil marriage was invalid. But difficulties could never break his stout peasant determination. And in his great poems he paid tribute to our Lady. He wrote beautifully, for example, of her passion, in that supremely simple, supremely logical style of his which was revolutionary in religious verse.

The subjects of Péguy's great poems, his *Mysteries*, as he called them, are the Vocation of Joan of Arc, the Virtue of Hope, and the Perfect Confidence of Faith in God. His chief and most successful character is the most daring a writer can attempt, God the Father: a logical, infinitely kind, shrewdly humorous character, almost like an elderly French peasant.

And Péguy can also write poetry of soaring splendor. The conclusion of his second great *Mystery*, consisting of an invocation to night by God the Father, is considered one of the high points of French poetry.

"You, night, are my great sombre light. I am glad to have created night . . . Night, my most beautiful invention . . . O night, O my daughter



night, the most religious of my daughters, the most devout . . . Night, you are a beautiful invention of my wisdom. Night, O my daughter night, O my silent daughter at Rebecca's well, at the Samaritan woman's well, it is you who draw the deepest water from the deepest well. O night, you who rock all creation to sleep . . . O night, you who wash all wounds . . . you who put the Child Jesus to bed every evening in the arms of the very Holy and Immaculate One. O my daughter sparkling and sombre, I greet you . . ."

But all of the best of Péguy's writing can and should be read in the excellent translations of Ann and Julian Green. (Charles Péguy, *Basic Verities—Prose and Poetry*, and Charles Péguy, *Men and Saints—Prose and Poetry*, two volumes published by Pantheon Books, Inc., New York.)

One burning summer's day, Péguy was seated in his tiny bookshop, perhaps regarding the stacks of unsold copies of his first work, the play *Joan of Arc*, on which the shop's black cat liked to perch, when a group of his friends burst through the door.

"Péguy! Have you heard! The Germans are in Belgium!"

Péguy looked up, and his deep brown eyes began to burn. Then, slowly, he stood up and reached for his cape and staff, a new one.

"*Allons!*" said Péguy. "Let us march."

"But you; you are 41 years old now. You are in the reserve; you won't be called."

Péguy, having refused a captaincy

because as a captain he could not march with his men, the peasants of France, set out for the front in the red-and-blue uniform of a lieutenant. A week or so of hasty training. Then on Sept. 3 with the Germans roaring down upon Paris, Péguy's regiment was moved up toward the line, quartered in a deserted convent.

"Get some sleep tonight, Péguy!" his comrades warned.

But Péguy, with a strange presentiment, would not sleep. He found the altar he wished, the altar of the convent dedicated to our Lady, and spent the night adorning it with the bright flowers of fall.

Two days later, his regiment was thrown into the battle of the Marne, with the fate of Paris, of France and western Europe at stake. The improvised French levies, the taxicab army and the army of peasants, broke the German attack, and sent the great armies reeling backward. In the forefront of the dangerous pursuit was Péguy.

No doubt he died as he would have wished, for in 1913 he had written, "Blessed are those who died in great battles, stretched out on the ground in the face of God. Blessed are those who died in a just war."

"Lie down! Lie down, Péguy!" His comrades shouted, firing a volley and throwing themselves to the ground.

"Come on! Keep firing!" Not falling, not stooping, erect in his gleaming red-and-blue uniform, Péguy ran on after the escaping enemy, until a German bullet struck him in the forehead.



## When a Child Can't Read

By ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

Condensed from *Liberty*\*



WHEN Donald first walked into the psychological laboratory of the University of California at Los Angeles, I thought I had never seen a finer-looking 17-year-old lad. Donald, however, couldn't even read or write his own name, yet he had been in school 11 years! "Feeble-minded" is what parents and teachers have always called such boys.

Just then a quiet little woman came into the room and gave the boy some intelligence tests that did not require him to read. Soon she said to me, "Donald has a fine mind."

Then turning to Donald, she said, "We have a way of teaching you to read just like other boys. What are you most interested in?"

"Oh," said Donald, "I am interested in Secret Service."

"Well," said the lady, "let's write a story about Secret Service. We can do that all right."

I shall never forget the look on Donald's face: hope, doubt, wish to believe, like one who has seen a vision yet fears to believe his eyes.

The woman took a large sheet of paper, and with a crayon wrote in script letters two inches high the word *interested*. "Now, Donald," she said, "take your first two fingers and run them

over the letters. As you do so, say to yourself or out loud, "in-ter-est-ed!"

The boy traced the word, first slowly, then more rapidly, some 20 times. Something was happening inside him. Psychologists don't know yet just what it was, but somehow he was gaining a "feeling of the word" he had never felt for any word before. He was also gaining a new feeling of success, achievement, and confidence in himself.

Next the lady put the paper out of sight and said, "That's fine. Now take this pencil and write *interested*." At first he wrote something like *int-r-d*. "Fine! Fine!" the lady exclaimed. She then gave him the paper and had him trace the word a few more times. Again she put the paper out of sight, and Donald wrote *in-teres-d*.

Once more the paper was placed before him for a few more tracings and then taken away. At the end of about five minutes the boy wrote *interested* perfectly. Next he wrote *Secret* and *Service* the same way. Each took perhaps 20 tracings. Then he learned *am* and *in* with only three tracings. The only word he could write without tracing was *I*.

At the end of three hours Donald



wrote and "read" the words when written on a typewriter: "I am interested in Secret Service." That was more than this bright normal boy had learned in school in 11 years!

This was on the morning of Oct. 1, 1928. By Oct. 10 Donald had learned to write 170 new words and to recognize 140 of them when he saw them in type. By Christmas he was reading the funnies. In January he was reading from magazines and books.

The woman who literally made a new boy of Donald is Dr. Grace M. Fernald. And one could go on with hundreds of stories similar to that of Donald. For some unknown reason, about 98% of extreme zero readers like him, have been boys. As to how many there are of such extreme cases, no one knows. There must surely be thousands of them, because in 1936 a short article of mine about Miss Fernald's work with word-blind children brought more than 25,000 letters from nearly every country on the globe. Most of them told of children and adults, mostly males, who seemed completely normal except that they could not read. In addition to the extreme cases, Dr. Fernald and her associates have made into fine readers, writers, and spellers hundreds of boys and girls who could never have gotten beyond the 1st and 2nd grades with the standard methods of instruction.

Dr. Fernald has never failed in a single case to make either a normal child or a normal adult into a first-rate reader. She also makes them practically perfect spellers. She succeeds just as

well with word-blind and partially word-blind adults as with children. One man at the clinic was 38 years old. He owned a refrigeration establishment. As a boy he had special tutors, but could read only a few words by spelling them a letter at a time. When he found he could be taught to read, he arranged for an extended vacation so he could study at the clinic. He now reads all the time "to make up for the years I have lost."

After 31 years, Dr. Fernald has recently given both to educators and the public the first adequate account of her work. This presentation is contained in her new book, *Remedial Techniques in Basic School Subjects*. Her methods are so simple that one 16-year-old Boy Scout, after only a half hour's instruction by Dr. Fernald and two or three later brief talks, taught his 11-year-old boy friend, who could not read his own name, to read well enough so that he covered three grades in three months.

One boy, with a superior I.Q., covered seven grades (seven years of school) in ten months. An 11-year-old boy with a 107 I.Q., who learned only five words in five years at school, learned 234 words in five weeks. A 28-year-old New York woman learned the method and then taught herself to read. Progress from zero reading through five grades in ten months (one school year each two months) is commonplace.

Dr. Fernald was led to the discovery of her methods one afternoon in 1916, when an 11-year-old boy, Lester, came into her office and handed her a card



from one of the Los Angeles school supervisors. It read, "Please give this boy an intelligence test so that we can certify him to be sent to the School for Feeble Minded."

On discovering he could not read, Miss Fernald gave him some non-verbal tests and wrote across the card, "Normal." In an hour the boy was back with the same card, on which the teacher had written, "If you think this boy is normal, just try to teach him something."

"That put us on our mettle," Dr. Fernald said. "For three months my associates and I tried every known method to teach the boy to read. We couldn't teach him to read a single word, even his own name."

"One day, however, I was showing him some cards with words printed in large letters. When I showed him one with *land* on it, he suddenly exclaimed, 'That's *land*!' I thought he had guessed at it. By and by I showed him the same card again. Once more he said, 'That's *land*.' I said, 'Lester, how do you know that is *land*?' He said, 'I don't know how I know, but I know it is *land*.'

"I said to my assistant, 'What have we done with this word we haven't with others?' She said she did not know, unless it was that I had written *land* in large letters on the board and said to him, 'Lester, run your fingers over it; feel of it.'

"Now, I had never heard of such a method, except the Montessori method of tracing the letters to learn the alphabet. But I remembered I had taken the

boy's hand in sheer desperation and had him run his first two or three fingers over the 'entire word.' So I took him at once to the board again and had him trace *house*, *table*, and other simple words.

"Every word Lester traced 'as a whole' he could later recognize in type. He rarely forgot a word.

"From then on we steadily built up Lester's vocabulary, word by word. At the end of five months we gave a big party and invited all his former teachers and some members of the University Science club. Lester stood up before the group and read.

"After this famous party, Lester went back to his former school and made eight grades in the next five years. Also, his so-called badness disappeared like magic. It always does when we open this new world from which the children have been shut out.

"No one," continued Dr. Fernald, "is able to say just how many cannot learn to read by the visual methods which are now universal. The best estimates are not far from one-fifth to one-quarter of all children. The absolute zero readers are unusual. We have had about 100. But there are thousands of children who cannot learn to read much beyond the 2nd or 3rd-grade level with the visual methods now in use in our schools.

"Nearly all teachers have gone to an extreme," Dr. Fernald added, "in having children learn almost entirely through their eyes and ears. We have found they also learn through their bodies, their muscle senses. We call



this the kinesthetic method. Strangely enough, this method helps them in arithmetic.

"We must get the notion out of everybody's head that the poor visual readers are abnormal or defective. I think they have a superior way of learning. They somehow get it down in their muscles and nerves, and their memories are wonderful."

One thing Miss Fernald emphasizes is that both zero readers and all children who cannot learn by the usual visual methods develop inferiority complexes. They are called "bad" children because they are ridiculed and scolded or else they finally develop chronic fright and fear reactions.

Since hosts of parents and teachers will want to try Dr. Fernald's methods, they may be reviewed in more detail so that parents and teachers shall not be misled. This outline is for extreme disabilities only. Tracing is often not necessary in cases of partial disability.

1. First, the word is written in black-board-size script. If the child has been taught the new "manuscript" writing, large printed letters must be used instead of script (Dr. Fernald prefers script). The child traces the word, making sure his fingers are "all the time" in contact with the paper. He traces it as often as he wants to. The paper must then be removed from sight. If the child looks back and forth at the copy, he breaks up the word into small meaningless units. This always makes poor spellers, because the child fails to connect the sound with the word form for reading.

2. After tracing, if he does not write the word correctly, have him trace the word again as a whole. Remove the incorrect word from sight and do not allow him to patch up, by erasing and substituting the correction, the part he has written.

3. He must pronounce the word syllable by syllable as he traces it, either to himself or out loud, and then pronounce the entire word. He must use words that he wishes to use in some sentence or "story." Miss Fernald always begins by having him write as a "story" something he is interested in.

4. Each word must then be shown him, typed in regular-size print. (Miss Fernald has sanctioned my own suggestion that if you do not have a typewriter, you should show him the word in clear print in a book or a magazine.)

5. The child must finally write the words on cards. Each card must be filed under its appropriate letter in a small file box. This enables him to look back in the future for any word he may have forgotten. Since at first most of the writing is on pieces of paper, a rather large file box should be used. Later, as he writes them on cards, a smaller box is better. It is also excellent practice in teaching him later to use the dictionary, which he will soon be doing.

6. While the words are first written in story form, they must later be typed in columns separate from the context, so that the child will recognize the word wherever he sees it. This applies to older children only; it is not done with the younger ones.



7. This tracing period with zero or almost zero readers lasts about two months on the average. One student was able to abandon it after a month, and one continued it for eight months.

Dr. Fernald said she wished to emphasize three points very strongly. "First of all," she said, "not all children should be taught by this method. Children who learn easily to read by the visual method could be confused and slowed up by our method. They learn easily anyhow.

"The second point is that poor spellers who can read well usually do not need to trace. We teach them to look at a word in script, then remove it from sight, and have them write it without looking at the copy. There is no better way of making bad spellers than having them write from dictation or copy words in front of them. If words are dictated, the fast learners get them all right, but the slow learners get behind, feel hurried, and become confused. If they copy the word while looking at it, they tend to copy it one or two letters at a time. They look back and forth from their writing to the word and never get a complete picture.

"We do away with penmanship as a separate exercise and use this tracing method of learning to write with our 1st-grade babies. It is necessary only to have a teacher who writes a good hand. They thus learn to read, spell, and write all at the same time because they learn words from the start as wholes. By this method, used judiciously, our six-year-olds learn to write, read, and spell correctly such words as *hippopotamus*, *rattlesnake*, *roller coaster*, *tricycle*.

"The third thing is absolutely necessary to success. The child who is a zero reader or very poor reader must be taken away from his classmates until the process is complete. If he is put back with his classmates and does any tracing or anything different from what they are doing, they make fun of him, or at least he will be self-conscious, and he stops right there.

"Some children will read normally in five or six months. Some take ten or 12. The average is about six. But if you stop before the child reaches this stage, he is worse off and more discouraged than if you had never begun."



LAST winter, when Mark Ethridge was sent to Rumania and Bulgaria to investigate the political situation there for President Truman, he asked one woman in Bulgaria why opposition political parties were not given time to present their views on the radio.

With shocked surprise she replied, "Why, Mr. Ethridge, if we ever allowed the opposition to go on the air, the people would think there had been a *coup d'etat*."

Boston Globe.



## *What Time Is Mass This Evening?*

By GERALD ELLARD, S.J.

Condensed chapter of a book\*



MY MAIL turns up an announcement that the League of Evening Mass will solemnly observe on Feb. 11† the completion of five years since full liberty was accorded local Ordinaries in determining the hours for public Mass. A postscript adds that on the same occasion the league will gratefully dissolve itself, not having reason for further existence. Afternoon and evening Mass, it assumes, is now [1953] as well established as any other afternoon or evening meetings, or meals, or celebrations. Now that the change has been made, and Mass celebration in the afternoon or evening accepted as normal, how strange and how remote seem those early, preparatory stages by which this wonderful lengthening of the Mass day was set in motion. I reach into my desk and extract a bulky old envelope folder inscribed, "The Case for Afternoon and Evening Mass."

The oldest document is a concession by Pius XI, by which leave is given for midnight Mass on the occasion of a Eucharistic Congress (March 7, 1924).

†This would be some years in the future, at least some time after 1953.

What seems almost like an answering echo to that papal grant is the next document (April 22, 1924), also a concession, and in far more sweeping terms, that at any locally important Eucharistic celebration Mass may be permitted at 12:30 A.M., if preceded by about three hours' nocturnal adoration. Such a grant, and especially with such a documentary setting, was sure to set men's minds everywhere speculating on the possibilities of afternoon and evening Mass, not once in a lifetime, nor once a year, but once a week, or once a day.

At the Chicago International Eucharistic Congress, 1926, the merest mention of the possibility of afternoon and evening Mass, as a pastoral solution of modern problems, touched off a newspaper sensation, and frightened people by its daring. The insurmountable difficulty, of course, was the total fast from food and drink from the previous midnight.

But even before 1927 had run its course the newspapers were carrying accounts of the amazing faculties granted to Mexican Catholics under persecution. "The Holy Father grants

\*The Mass of The Future. 1948. Bruce Publishing Co., 540 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee. 1. Wis. 360 pp. \$4.



the following: the faithful may receive the Blessed Sacrament at any hour of the day or night, even without fasting (but if they foresee the time of Communion they should fast for one hour before receiving), and they may communicate themselves."

Although no publicity attached to it at the time, Pius XI had granted an indulgent for afternoon and evening Mass for persecuted Catholics under Russian rule (Nov. 25, 1929), with the Communion fast commencing at noon. Not long afterward (Jan. 30, 1930), there was a further extension that the laity could communicate themselves in the evening hours, after a fast starting at 6 P.M. In various parts of Europe the problem of "revitalizing" Sunday Mass was bringing out the fact that many present-day occupations prevent people from attending morning Mass. In particular the Apostolate of the Sea, in its 1934 international meet, disclosed the fact that more than 95% of seamen in port are prevented from attending morning Mass on Sundays, and a German bishop promptly forwarded a memorial to Rome on their behalf.

A humble and obscure priest of London, Father J. Waterkeyn, was the starting point of the next development, the celebration of Mass in one spot continuously for three days and three nights at the closing of the jubilee of Redemption at the Grotto of Lourdes. Seldom are papal documents couched in such lyric language as the jubilant letter of Pius XI to Bishop Gerlier, then of Lourdes, now Cardinal-Arch-

bishop of Lyons. "We cannot refrain from unreservedly praising the suggestion that at Lourdes throughout the three days and nights which close the Jubilee of Redemption the Eucharistic Sacrifice be continuously offered without interruption. Ah, a magnificent vision, in which most happy portents can be seen!" (Jan. 10, 1935.)

Pilgrims in excess of 300,000, many from the farthest corners of the world, came to Lourdes. The graces of the Lourdes Triduum spread over land and sea. In Santiago, Chile, at a popular Lourdes shrine the bishops celebrated by papal permission a similar succession of Masses day and night. Cardinal Schuster at Milan asked for and obtained permission to hold, during the 72 hours of the Lourdes celebration, Masses in rotation throughout 72 of the largest churches of the Milan archdiocese. Here it was expressly set down that the faithful could communicate at any of the Masses, day or night, after a fast of four hours. Cardinal Schuster felt constrained to insert the caution that no one should communicate more than once on one calendar day (March 10, 1935).

The next International Eucharistic Congress, held in Manila, seriously discussed the fact that in our modern way of life "for millions the night has become the day." By now men were everywhere seriously asking, "Why not an evening Mass?"

It is of the war years that clippings, letters, notes, even verse on evening Mass, bulked largest in my folder. One recalls the permission for "early" mid-



night Mass (Dec. 1, 1940), and the amplified faculties to chaplains for midnight Mass as necessity demanded (April 9, 1941). Cardinal Suhard of Paris announced faculties for evening Mass for prisoners of war (1941). Provision was made that defense workers could be permitted to communicate (in the forenoon) after a fast of four hours from solid foods, one hour from liquids (Jan. 2, 1942). Early that year Archbishop (later Cardinal) Spellman, as military-bishop of all the armed forces of the U. S., petitioned the Holy See that military personnel, prevented from attending Sunday morning Mass, might have Mass up to 7:30 P.M. on Sundays, and evening Mass on weekdays without restriction. His Holiness graciously acceded to this sweeping permission (April 30, 1942), and it was joyously announced to the world at war. Canadian forces enjoyed a similar concession. Half my store of clippings is the crop of joyous exclamations evoked by this generous permission, but it was but natural that there would be pleas of pious envy from the civilians. "We are all defense workers, immediate or remote," one woman wrote, "at least for the duration. What a religious renaissance evening Mass would create. If police must be called to keep crowds in line for certain novenas, just what would happen should 8 P.M. Mass be permitted?"

An aged English priest spoke eloquently for evening Mass in the London *Catholic Herald* by simply pointing to the impossibility in so many cases of war workers getting to any

morning Mass. Bishop King of Portsmouth in his Lenten pastoral (March 12, 1943) also publicly raised the question "whether or not we may be able to have Mass at an uncanonical hour." That summer France published an item, in connection with the sad account of forced labor battalions going into Germany, about the comforting fact that worker-priests going with them would share the privilege of afternoon and evening Mass (Aug. 7, 1943).

Let me see, where is that report on wartime conditions within Germany, that was published in Belgium in 1946? Here, read this: "The authorization to celebrate Mass in the evening became more and more extended and constituted an inestimable benefit. It made possible the formation of a liturgical and popular parochial worship with hitherto unsuspected possibilities. I remember the night services celebrated from 1940 to 1941, especially on feast days such as Ascension, Corpus Christi, and SS. Peter and Paul. Religious services were forbidden by the police from 8 A.M. to 7 P.M.; but after 8 P.M. one saw the entire Catholic population of a district assemble, and instead of being divided for three Masses as formerly, they now in a united body filled the parish church to overflowing. It was, therefore, truly a 'popular' high Mass, in which all present sang the responses, as well as the Ordinary. And such a *Kyrie*, such a *Gloria*, and *Et cum spiritu tuo*, sung with one vast voice, has to be heard to be believed. It was a magnificent protestation of



faith, confession of common fault, exploring of mercy, and finally thanksgiving for so much splendor: and all present united in inexpressible unity!" (Neunhäuser).

If the Holy Father wishes to extend the evening Mass to the world at present, stated a just-demobilized American veteran in 1946, he has 5 million advance agents among American veterans alone!

In the midsummer, 1946, issue of *Maison-Dieu* was a letter from a village *curé* that merits at least a glance. "In my village there are three employers, and all the other people are workmen's families, for whom work necessarily commences early in the morning. As a consequence weekday Mass is impossible, except for the employers. I assure you it is not pleasant, as I go alone to my Mass, to meet successive groups of workers betaking themselves to work."

Two years later (June 19, 1948) the Tosei news agency reported, "Faculties have now been granted (by decree of March 11, 1948) for a period of two years to all Mission Ordinaries in Japan to permit their clergy to say Mass in the afternoon in cases where the Christians are not able to attend in the morning. Mass may not begin, however, later than 7:30 P.M. The Ordinaries are authorized at the same time to dispense from the Eucharistic fast in such wise that those wishing to receive Holy Communion may partake of food up to within four hours of the time of receiving the Sacrament and may partake of nonalcoholic liquids up to

within one hour of that time."

There is time for a glance into the future. "Report of Sister Benignus, principal at St. Peter's school, on two years' experience of the 3 P.M. students' Mass, presented at Motherhouse Educational Meeting, Easter Week, 1955.

"The school children have always attended daily Mass, as an obligatory feature of school life. Mass began at 8:30, classes at 9. Heretofore the children had no opportunity to go to Communion. The school had no breakfast facilities, nor was time made available (apart from First Fridays) for even a cold breakfast after Mass.

"Now the children come a half hour later in the morning, for which we daily receive a blessing from every mother involved. They have had breakfast and they take lunch at noon as usual. The fast for Communion follows the general grant; three hours from solids, one hour from liquids. As our Mass commences at 3 P.M., the full fasting time is completed before Communion time. After the 1:45 recess we have the janitors shut off the bubbler fountains, and thus avoid the childhood tragedy of inadvertently breaking the Communion fast. All the children are frequent, many daily, communicants. We have shifted the religion class to the last period, and as usual have a short singing session at the very end. Now we use both of these to attune their minds and hearts to the Sacrifice and the Banquet we are about to share in. A priest is always available for confessions as the Mass commences."



## Put Your Money on Giovanni

\*\*\*\*\* By QUENTIN REYNOLDS \*\*\*\*\*

Condensed from the *Woman's Home Companion*\*

FATHER ANGELO DONEZI says Mass at 10 o'clock every Sunday morning in the little church of Cristo Re in the Piazza Mazzini on the outskirts of Rome. When he preaches his sermon he looks upon a congregation of workers and their families. Among them is the Croccolino family.

Giovanni Croccolino is dressed neatly in his one dark-blue suit, one white shirt, and one pair of good shoes. Beside him is his slim brown-haired wife, Valinda, looking younger than her 28 years. Beside her are their two sons, Silvio, 4, and Mario, 6. Sunday is a big day for the Croccolino family. When Father Donezi finishes Mass they file out, drop 10 lire in the poor box at the back of the church, and then chat outside for a while with neighbors whom they see only on Sunday. But the two youngsters start tugging at their father's coat, and finally he laughs, says "*A rivederci*" to his friends, and leads his family away.

It is a long walk to the park, but neither Giovanni nor Valinda minds the walk. They could take a trolley but the round trip for the family would cost 160 lire (32¢) and few workers

in Italy today can afford that much for a trolley ride. Silvio and Mario will have something to talk about all the coming week. Life for Silvio and Mario is good; it is not so good for Giovanni or Valinda Croccolino.

The story of the Croccolinos (who are real, not imaginary characters) is the story of nearly 30 million Italians who today are feeling their way warily under a democratic government. In the long run the success of democracy in Italy and the country's economic rebirth will depend upon the Croccolinos of the Italian nation. A few months ago they rejected communism in the faith that democracy plus the Marshall plan would put the country on its feet. If the country falls flat the communists will chuckle and start laying plans for another election which might have a different result. If Giovanni Croccolino decides that he likes democracy and the Marshall plan is able to drag Italy out of the economic swamps in which she has been mired for years, Italy may eventually become the strongest democratic state in Europe. That is why Signor Croccolino is so important.



Giovanni, at 35, has never been able to foresee a secure future. For 23 years he lived under fascist rule, and his earliest memories are the sounds of Mussolini rattling his "8 million bayonets" and boasting of worlds which his army would conquer.

When war came Giovanni was driving a produce truck. He had married Valinda and had rented a house. When he was excused from military duty because his job of delivering food was considered essential, life didn't look too bad. Then came that fateful day in September, 1943, when Italy made a separate peace, and the Germans, from half-hearted allies, became active enemies. A few days after the separate peace was signed the Germans fell upon them like a horde of locusts. They stripped Giovanni's house of all its furniture, ripped the gold bracelet from Valinda's wrist, and took the little gold wedding ring from her finger. They even took the clothes which Valinda had bought for Silvio, who was nearly two then. Destitute, Giovanni brought his wife and child to Rome. He soon found a job; he is a good mechanic, and has been working ever since.

I picked up Giovanni at the garage one Saturday afternoon at 6:30—he had started work at 8 A.M.—and drove him home to a long row of workers' shacks which were without heat or electricity. They were to be pulled down soon, Giovanni said, to be replaced with modern low-cost apartments. Silvio, Mario and an excited Musetta gave Giovanni a tumultuous

welcome, and his dark face lit up in a smile. We went into the low-ceilinged dining room where Valinda was waiting. Giovanni noticed her purse lying on the table. He picked it up, opened it, and laughed a little ruefully.

Giovanni makes a salary of 8,000 lire a week (\$16). Valinda says that it costs 1,000 lire (\$2) a day to feed her family. That leaves only 1,000 lire a week for rent, candles, clothing and incidentals. There was a time when the Croccolinos of Italy lived on spaghetti, but today flour is scarce and expensive. Spaghetti is a luxury to be indulged in once a week.

"We always have the same breakfast," said Valinda. "I cook an egg for each of the children and one for Giovanni, with coffee and bread. Giovanni takes a sandwich to work with him and the children and I have soup and bread for lunch. At night we have *minestrone* and fish. I usually get some fruit for the children. And on Sunday we have meat or spaghetti. Cake? Pastry?" Valinda laughed. "We have cake on Christmas and Easter Sunday."

"And we go to the movies, Valinda and I," Giovanni said smiling, "once a week. And that is our life on 8,000 lire a week. And we are much better off than friends of ours who make more than that."

During the elections last April the Communist Party leaders made glowing promises to the Croccolinos of Italy. They would take the land from the wealthy landowners and give it to



the farmers; they would take the factories and give them to the workers. Giovanni listened to the promises, but didn't believe them.

"So many workers like myself are ignorant," Giovanni said sadly. "They were fooled by those promises, and voted communist. It was not because they cared about communism, but under fascism we workers had no hope for a better life. During the war and afterward things were even worse. The rich stayed rich and the poor stayed poor. Then the communists came along with their promises and a lot of poor people believed them. I knew that if they got into power they would forget those promises; I saw no hope in communism. I believe there is only one hope for Italy; that is America. I do not know much about the Marshall plan but I hear that it will help industry, give more people work, and, eventually, give us higher wages and more food. I believe this to be true."

Giovanni Croccolino has friends in America who write to him quite often and when he reads their letters he is sometimes a little bitter as well as puzzled.

"I have a friend in New York," he said, "who does the same thing I do; he repairs automobiles. But he lives in a five-room apartment. He has electric lights and a radio. He has meat nearly every day and his children have milk and butter. He has a car. Every summer he takes his family to the country for a two weeks' holiday. He says he bought war bonds all during the war

and one day he will sell them and be able to send his children to college. I know he speaks the truth, but it puzzles me. Why cannot Valinda and I have these things? Why, here in Italy, is there such a big gap between the man who owns a garage and the man who works in one? Is it because you really have democracy, for more than 100 years, perhaps?

"That is why I voted against communism," Giovanni said thoughtfully. "If democracy can give my friend who is a mechanic in New York all those things perhaps in time it will give them to me, a mechanic in Italy. That is why I say America is our only hope."

"Work?" Giovanni stood up and his dark eyes flashed. "I would work these fingers off. I would starve if I had to for just one thing: just to give my sons an education so that when they grow up things will be easier for them."

Italy is indeed a country well worth working for. In fact, the only way that Italy can survive is by work, self-denial and sacrifice. An economist aware that there are nearly 2 million unemployed in Italy, that the cost of living is nearly 50 times higher than prewar, that antiquated industrial methods are used in factories and that communists control many trade unions, and also aware of the terrific increase in population—such an economist might well throw up his hands and say, "Italy is through. She hasn't a chance."

U. S. Ambassador James Dunn, who did a magnificent job of selling democracy when the political fate of Italy



hung in the balance, has grown very close to the Italian people. Dunn has not lived in the ivory tower of our beautiful embassy on Rome's Via Veneto. His figure is nearly as familiar in the factories of Milan or in the agricultural centers of Italy as it is at diplomatic functions. His opinion must be respected.

"If you look only at the balance sheet you get a dismal picture of the economic status of Italy," he told me. "But if you do you are leaving out the most important factor of all, the people of Italy. They form the real working capital of the country. All the energy and vitality that was suppressed during 23 years of fascism are now finding an outlet. The Italians are willing to work their way out of their present plight."

If Signor Croccolino and his millions of brothers are willing to tighten their belts and exist on their present deplorable standard of living for the next three years and if the Italian government administers the Marshall plan intelligently, there is every chance that Italy will become self-sufficient. Parenthetically, Italy's recovery is of direct interest to the ordinary American taxpayer. The sooner the nations of democratic Europe get on their feet the sooner we can stop the heavy drain on our own resources caused by the European Recovery plan.

"We have a long hard fight ahead of us," says Ivan Mateo Lombardo, energetic minister of industry and commerce, and a firm believer in the Marshall plan as a vitamin. "Naturally,

as a coalition government we have conflicting ideas in the cabinet, but there is one thing we all agree on. That is to use the Marshall plan in the spirit in which it was offered—not as a temporary stopgap but as a stimulant to building permanent economic prosperity. Some cabinet members believe in completely untrammelled free enterprise. Others believe in a stringent planned economy. My hope is that we will have a happy marriage of free enterprise and planning. Once we have that marriage I believe we will be on our way to recovery. But our greatest asset, I believe, is the willingness of the people to work. Without that neither the Marshall plan nor our own governmental planning would be worth anything."

You can't drive around Italy without being impressed with the amount of work already done. During the war more than 16,000 bridges were destroyed. Today every one has been repaired or restored. When the Germans retreated they stripped factories of machinery and shipped it back to Germany. In Genoa alone they took 43 thousand tons of machinery from one manufacturing plant. Some of that machinery was found in the American zone in Germany and returned, but it was difficult to replace the rest. Yet today the factory is going at full blast.

Guido Corbellini, minister of transportation, has one of the toughest jobs in Italy, but transport is something he knows. He has been a railroad man all his life, and his book, *Technique of Transportation*, has been translated



into a dozen languages. Corbellini is typical of the cabinet picked by Premier de Gasperi. With but few exceptions, members of the cabinet are specialists in their fields.

The uncertainty surrounding the elections of last April kept thousands of tourists away from Rome this year, but those who came were pleasantly surprised not only by the food, which is as good as any in Europe, and by the efficient and courteous hotel service, but by this same spirit of willingness to work on the part of the Italian craftsman. I was in a men's shop on the Via dei Condotti one afternoon when an American picture star entered. She asked the proprietor if he made women's suits. He said that he did and brought out material. The girl found some material she liked and asked if he could copy the suit she was wearing. He said he could do that. The cost? He figured a moment, and told her the cost would be 45 thousand lire (\$90). She said the suit she was wearing had cost her \$300 in New York. The proprietor smilingly assured her that his suit would be exactly the same, even to the lining.

"But I am here only for a week," she said. "You'll have to send it on to me."

"If madam will come in for a fitting tomorrow, she may have the finished

suit the day after," he told her. She ordered the suit. After she left I asked him how he could possibly turn a suit out that quickly.

"Very easily." He shrugged his shoulders. "Two men will work on this all night. Two others will work on it all day tomorrow and then tomorrow night the first two men will finish it. In Italy today the only thing that matters is work."

Three days later I saw the happy movie star at a party in the Grand Hotel. She was resplendent in her new two-piece tailored suit.

Many economists will still tell you that Germany, in prewar days Italy's biggest customer, is now penniless, and that Italy will find it difficult to get new customers. They will point hopelessly to the balance sheet, which pictures Italy as mired in red ink.

But they have never met the Giovanni Croccolinos nor do they hear of tailors quite willing to work all night on a woman's suit. Economics cannot be bothered with such intangible elements as courage and willingness to sacrifice. Maybe the economists will be proved right, but my money and yours is on Giovanni Croccolino and other Italians of good will who for the first time in their lives are living with hope in their hearts and faith in the future.



*A* CONSCIENCE is something like a clock. No matter how tightly we wind it, we shall have to rewind it again. John B. Sheerin in the *Homiletic & Pastoral Review*.



# DETOUR to Calvary

By EDWARD A. HARRIGAN

Condensed from the *Marianist*\*



PERHAPS the last place on earth one would expect to find a Passion Play would be on the blood-soaked soil of the Black Hills in South Dakota. On every hand one finds reminders of the roaring gold-prospecting days of fewer than 75 years ago, when possession of a pistol qualified a man as judge, jury and executioner in his own cause, when gold-crazed men fought and shot and stabbed other men in the streets and saloons, and the gulches. Nevertheless, I did find a Passion Play there, a Passion Play, moreover, that traces its origins back into the Middle Ages. It is presented three times weekly every summer at Spearfish, 16 miles north of Deadwood, at the north end of the Hills.

I was there because of Father Conrad, an enthusiastic Franciscan whose Mass I had attended at his Glenrock, Wyo., mission. With my family, I was en route home from a vacation in the West: we met Father Conrad, who urged us to see the Black Hills Passion Play. He convinced us, and we drove up to Spearfish, even though it took us some 200 miles off the route we had laid out for ourselves. Never was such

a long detour traveled to greater advantage.

The waning late-August moon shed but little light upon the vast amphitheater in which the Black Hills Passion Play was about to be presented. The North Star watched serenely from its reserved seat in the sky, but the stars of the Big Dipper nudged their neighbors aside as they edged themselves eastward toward Lookout Mountain, the better to view the reenactment of what they had witnessed in actuality 1,900 years ago.

There in the darkness, I thrilled to a sense of oneness with the thousands of pilgrims who filled the 8,000-seat amphitheater to about two-thirds of its capacity. My nerves, somewhat frayed from hundreds of miles of driving over simmering prairies, were soothed by the soft strains of an organ which mingled its music with the music of the stars overhead.

The music of the organ ebbed, and emptied itself from the amphitheater.

\*University of Dayton, Dayton, 9, Ohio. November, 1948.



The voice of the Christus came into the darkness. Syllable by syllable it flowed outward, filling the place where the music had been. It was gentle, taking care that not even the most timid, nor any unbeliever, be frightened away; yet it pleaded insistently, seeking to weld into one the diverse multitude seated on the plank benches on the hillside. These were the words of the Prologue, spoken by Josef Meier, from the central stage:

*Oh ye children of God,  
Ye, who live and breathe in His infinite  
love,  
Open your hearts; and receive with child-  
like confidence His great message.  
That which you will experience today,  
oh people,  
Treasure well within your hearts;  
Let it be the Light to lead you—  
Until your last day.*

The prologue ended, lights flooded the street in Jerusalem, which runs the length of the two-and-a-half-block-long stage. For the first time, I was able to discern the details of the stage, which in the darkness could be seen only as the dim outline of buildings 40 and 60 feet high. The center stage is conventional; it is used for the tableaux of the Annunciation, the Last Supper, the court of King Herod, the Scourging, and the Ascension. Immediately to the left of it is the palace of Pontius Pilate, and next to that the home of Mary and Martha at Bethany. To the right of the main stage is the Temple in Jerusalem, then the council platform of the High Priests, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the tomb of the Saviour, and, off to the distant right, at

the end of a winding road, Calvary with its three crosses. Between the main buildings are four arched doorways, representing the city gates.

No sooner had the lights flooded the foreground than a sound was heard as of a multitude in the distance. A citizen of the city rushed down the street shouting that the Master was coming, and proclaiming His miracles. When I drove through the Hills, visions of stage-coach holdups, forays with Indians, bodies hanging from the limbs of trees, bleeding men staggering through swinging doors, had danced in my imagination, and I was struck with the novelty of a Passion Play becoming an institution in such a place.

But I soon forgot all that, and all lingering consciousness of presence at a play in the Black Hills left me, when I beheld our Lord entering the city riding on an ass, His disciples about Him. I took my place among the joyful people hailing Him on that first Palm Sunday, waving palms, and strewing them in His path.

From that moment on, I watched every action breathlessly, and often found myself straining to catch every word—though I rarely missed one; the acoustics of the amphitheater are nearly perfect. (There are loud speakers, but they are seldom used—only in the event of an adverse wind.)

"Oh thou mortals, strengthen thy belief . . .," Josef Meier had pleaded in the Prologue. And so I did when I saw the Last Supper. The Supper over, the participants retired, our Lord



and the eleven to Mount Olivet, Judas to do that which he had allowed himself to be persuaded to do. As they departed, the stage was darkened, and the chalice was left behind, gleaming in the darkness.

I witnessed the fickleness of the people, the weakness of Pilate, the mockery of Herod, the frantic hostility of the High Priests. As the suffering Christ was raised aloft, and the *tenebrae* descended and the lightning rent it, I remembered the shining chalice, pledge and perpetuation of that Sacrifice.

The Black Hills Passion Play is the version that has been used for centuries in Lünen, Westphalia, Germany. It consists of 22 tableaux, accompanied by sacred and classical selections on the organ. Lighting effects contribute to the atmosphere, fitting the requirements of each scene in regard to time of day or night. Realism is achieved through the use of hundreds of actors in authentic costumes, and the donkey which bears the Christus, and horses and camels.

Time and again I found myself marveling just as I marvel only when beholding a superbly staged and acted Shakespearean play, in an awareness of a master mind behind it all. Yet, I felt that there was something about the whole thing that was escaping me, I knew not what it was, something indefinable. Exactly *why* had the play made such a deep impression upon me? I found out two days later.

I stayed in the Black Hills another day, and the conviction grew upon me

that I must visit Josef Meier, the Christus, if he would receive me. I had seen the play on a Sunday night; on Tuesday morning I drove up to Spearfish from my brookside cabin in a canyon near Lead.

I had to wait a while before the actor could see me, but was given the run of the grounds by the maid who came to the door. I thus had time to look things over, as well as to visit the Passion Play stage and the animal actors. One of the three camels twitched his upper lip, rather belligerently, I thought, but finally posed graciously for a picture.

The Meier's Spearfish home is at the edge of town. Spearfish creek, freed from the confines of its canyon, murmurs contentedly in front of it, and the mammoth amphitheater rises behind it. Wide lawns extend on each side and behind it, planted with maples, elms, oaks, willows, elderberry and pine. A graveled drive describes a semicircle, like a bow laid down in the front yard, with a hedge for the bowstring paralleling the street. The drive is flanked by peonies, roses, red, salmon, and white, and other shrubs. In the middle of the semicircle, two bronze peacocks stand guard beside a clump of low evergreens. The sprinklers were on, and in the currents they created butterflies of blue and brown and gold were confidently gliding and dancing.

One of the Passion Play actors—it turned out he was one of the High Priests—came up the drive and greeted me. We had not exchanged a dozen



words when a car pulled up to the house. A man and a woman got out, both tall, and I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Meier. He approaches you gravely, but smiles when he welcomes you. She is quiet, stately, queen-like. Their daughter Johanna was not with them—she had stayed out on the farm, a 1,000-acre place where Mr. Meier raises Black Angus beef cattle and hay for them and the horses, the donkey, and the camels. Mr. Meier's father, now 70, who was the Christus before him, and an aunt, live on the farm.

We went in. I was not mistaken in my first impression of Mr. Meier as a man of great calm and consideration—and humility. Here was a man who worked early and late, actor and director of an internationally famous production, with hundreds of actors, in its last week of the season at home, preparations being made for the fall and winter tour of Canada and the U.S. to begin within a week—and here he sat, taking time out to talk to a perfect stranger, who had come to him uninvited, even without an appointment. I didn't take many notes; I was too absorbed with the man: as I studied his attitude and manner I needed the word of no critic here nor abroad that Josef Meier is the world's outstanding interpreter of the world's most difficult stage role.

"Yes," he was saying, "I was born in Germany—in Lünen, in October, 1904." He is an American citizen now. "It was in Lünen that the Black Hills Passion Play, now an established American institution, was presented

for centuries, where it had a slow growth and development." In Europe, he explained, five major Passion Plays are presented by the people of their respective communities. Of these the Lünen version, now transferred to America, is the oldest, having been presented as early as 1242 by the monks of the Cappenberg monastery.

In Lünen, Joseph Meier's ancestors for generations have participated as biblical dramatists in the production. Since childhood, he himself has been trained and prepared in every way to enact the leading role, having had the parts of the Babe in the manger, the Child in the Temple, St. John the Beloved Disciple, and finally, the Christus. In the last 15 years he has played the part of the Christus before more than 8,000 audiences, both in Europe and America.

The play was first presented to an American audience in 1932. "The task of adapting it to the American stage was carried out with the greatest of care," Mr. Meier said. "Not the least difficult part was the mastering of the English language, but through persistent effort, long and determined study, this difficulty was overcome." At first, most of the 26 principal characters were from Lünen, but now only Mr. Meier and one other remain; today they are all Americans, each especially trained over a period of years for his part. It was as one of these that Mrs. Meier, then Miss Clare Hume of Wilmette, Ill., came to the Passion Play, to take the part of the Blessed Virgin, and into the life of Mr. Meier.



The minor characters are selected from among the residents of Spearfish.

"Everywhere we went in America, we were received enthusiastically," said Mr. Meier. "Inspired by this reception and the beauty of the country, my plan for making the Passion Play a permanent institution in American life became a definite goal. It was of the greatest importance that a site be found that, because of its climate and natural background, would insure the success of the undertaking.

"The search brought me, in 1938, to Spearfish. Here I found the location that promised to serve my plans admirably. The natural amphitheater would provide ample seating capacity, without great changes, and would assure perfect vision and hearing for each seat. Assurance of stable weather conditions during the summer nights was the deciding factor in locating here permanently."

Is the play a success financially? "Well, no, not as yet," Mr. Meier replied. "It is necessary to subsidize it with proceeds received from the road tours, which are made each winter also in response to calls from communities which could not be reached the previous season."

Had the amphitheater ever been filled? "Only twice, and that during the earliest days; but since then growth has been steady." The night I saw the play the parking lot contained cars bearing licenses from California to New York.

Springtime is the period of rest, recreation, and planning for the Meiers

and their company. Planting is the first activity. The Passion Play as an institution covers 28 acres, and landscaping the grounds is no small task. What was once a barren hillside is progressively becoming a beautiful garden. Not only has Mr. Meier become the world-famed Christus, but he is proficient as a farmer, cowhand, veterinarian, horticulturist, carpenter, painter. Occasionally he finds time for tennis or a ride on his white horse, Snowflake; the evening he sets aside for the enjoyment of good books and music, or visiting with friends.

In addition to improving the amphitheater, Mr. Meier's next project is a school in which all the arts will be taught. He hopes to gather together in the Black Hills every summer students interested in drama and stagecraft, sculpturing and painting, voice and music, to receive instruction from competent teachers.

Confronted with a demand for comment on all this present and contemplated activity, Mr. Meier replied, "The joy of life lies in the work of today and in the plans for the work of tomorrow."

It is characteristic of Mr. Meier that no one need be deprived of seeing the Passion Play because of lack of the price of admission. "We realize that some persons are up against it at times: men with large families; men hit by drought or other misfortune. All they need do is mention it at the office, and we admit them and their families free." But does not such a practice lead to abuse? "Oh, no. We



have found that in most instances applicants are really needy."

The role of Christ, of course, remains Mr. Meier's prime interest. "My aim in life is the message of the Prologue: to unify humanity and bring people, especially the young, to consider the personality of Christ."

"But about your playing?"

"It is a difficult part, it is true, and there are persons who are scandalized

by the very thought of anyone putting the character of Christ on the stage at all. It requires maturity and great preparation, physically, mentally, and morally, to play the part. The successful actor must permit himself to be guided by the character Himself; when I play the part of the Christ it is not Meier interpreting Christ; it is Meier letting himself be guided by the personality of Christ."

*Behold we live*

## The 'Dying' Church

By EMANUEL CARDINAL SUHARD of Paris

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**I**N CHRIST two natures were united: He was man and God. In the same way two worlds are closely united in the Church: the invisible reality and the visible society, the community of the faithful. If we forget one of these two aspects we suppress the Church. Without a visible organization, without institutions, a hierarchy, the sacraments, Christ is no longer "incarnate" on earth, the Church is no longer a body. But, on the other hand, to stop at the juridical organization and go no further than external appearances is to replace the Body of Christ by a corpse of the Church.

What a sublime mystery the Church is! Each instant she must both be and become. She must "be" without change, in her invisible reality, "become," century by century, in her visible reality. "Because the Church is a body," explains Leo XIII, "she is visible to the eye; because she is the Body of Christ she is a living body, active, full of vitality, maintained and animated as it is by Jesus Christ, who permeates her with His virtues almost like the trunk of the vine nourishes and makes fertile the branches united to it. In living beings, the vital principle is invisible and hidden in the

\*Growth or Decline? The Church Today. 1948. Fides Publishers, South Bend, Ind.

109 pp. \$2.



very depths of the being, but it betrays and manifests itself by the movement and action of the members; in this way the principle of supernatural life, which animates the Church, appears to all eyes by the acts it produces."

History confirms such doctrinal views. Hardly was the Church born than she faced a choice: to be Jewish or Gentile. She did not hesitate for long. St. Paul made the choice, St. Peter understood and accepted it. The Church freed herself from the tutelage of the Law. With the "Apostle of Nations" she became "Greek with the Greeks." This produced Hellenic and Roman Christendom. Nero and Diocletian persecuted the intruder ruthlessly. Constantine recognized her and submitted. The Church lived in the open and prospered in the prosperous Empire. Then came the menacing barbarian. The Roman world vacillated. The invasions came and the Empire was lost.

Would the Church disappear with it? Some wondered. Even St. Augustine was disturbed, and wondered, while awaiting the destroyers, with an anxiety which beclouded his old age. What would happen to the City of God as a result of this general invasion? How could men conceive of Christianity outside of a "human culture"? For "just as the Christian Jews were firmly convinced that the future of Christianity was indissolubly united with the future of their own people, so the Christian Romans imagined that their future was one with the future of the Empire. Identified with

the Empire, the Christian Church, by that very fact, seemed identified with the whole human race. She apparently had attained her ideal; with nothing more to ask of future centuries, it seemed it should be her chief concern to preserve the prevailing conditions.

"But the Church had a steadier eye and a calmer mind; she did not despair of humanity, she did not believe that all was lost because Rome was doomed. She viewed the gigantic movement as a whole and discovered in it the birth of a world as yet unknown. She foresaw the sublime novelty which then could have been expressed only by a monstrous coupling of words, the barbarian civilization, that is, a civilization that could get on without Rome, and which would go farther than Rome. Undaunted and conscious of her eternal mission, she took the road of the future."

What would become of God's people? The people of God would grow. The barbarians conquered the Rome of the emperors but the Rome of the Popes would conquer the barbarians. A slow assimilation and fusion of cultures would lead, seven centuries later, to the Christendom of medieval man. It did not happen without losses or dangers: the Albigensian heresy, "as horrible as sin, as sad as death," endangered the very principle of the Redemption. But St. Dominic and St. Francis were there and soon St. Thomas. Here was the Christendom of the Middle Ages and its "great century," the 13th. The Church penetrated the City. She "presided at the birth of



communes and universities, saw saints ascend the thrones of France and Castile. And during two centuries she became the supreme authority of the Occident, the oracle of the Christian world."

It was a happy triumph which freed her from the bonds of feudalism, only to leave her facing a new alternative. Occidental Christendom weakened and broke up under the upsurge of the Protestant revolt and the Renaissance. Would the Church perish? Thoughtful men asked themselves: Has not Christianity found its perfect realization in the society where Pope and emperor govern together? What could an uncertain future give the present which had all it desired? Where was the Christian order if not in Christendom? It was perhaps the gravest temptation of the Church since Constantine. But the Church understood and withdrew in time. The West freed itself, but the Body of Christ would continue to grow. The new world was baptized: here the missionary Church, there native Christendoms. The Church was everywhere and yet lost nothing of its dogma nor its unity. The mustard seed had become a young tree. And finally the modern world dawned. Scientism, laicism, racism pooled their attacks to destroy from without and to sap from within the mystical Body of Christ. The years passed, their doctrines waned and were replaced. The adversaries became tired or disarmed. One falls with a crash. The Church remains.

To what does the Church owe her successive triumphs? To what she knew enough to shed. To grow is to die a little. She knew how to give up, in due time and without regret, everything that was really only a "dress." As the "leaven in the meal" the Church had intimately linked herself with peoples and periods of history, but like "salt which does not lose its flavor" she never bound herself to their destinies. Structure succeeded structure, times changed like "a shepherd's tent." At no moment did they coincide with the "total Church" which surpasses them and encompasses them beyond measure. She is never satisfied with her partial successes. "The Church," says the encyclical *Mystici Corporis*, "in its entirety is not found within this natural order any more than the whole of man is encompassed within the organism of our mortal body." It is one of the consequences of the "mystery of the Church" that external manifestations of her vitality are never equal to the fullness of her interior life.

What history teaches us of eternal youth of the Church by reason of her independence of all transitory forms, it likewise proves for the holiness of the Church.

Church and civilization, Church and sanctity. In each case the teaching of the past proves both the immutability and the eternal timeliness of the Church, the signs of life which are given us abundantly at present.

The Church has lost peoples, and the number of believers in Europe is



decreasing. But statistics also show that the number of believers is increasing elsewhere. In Africa, the two Americas, and in Asia the Church sees new provinces joining her either through the increase of births in a given country or through work of missionaries. In Asia and Africa particularly, where the native clergy is of recent date, we should speak rather of birth than old age. Nevertheless, decrease in belief and religious practice has a universal character.

If Christ has lost the ear of the masses, if *mores* and thought have been gradually and almost completely built up outside of the Church, it is often for external and remote causes. We know that the influence of ideas is felt only long after their diffusion among the elite. Since the Renaissance, but especially in the 18th century, the elites pursued a completely naturalistic cult of the individual, a philosophy of man in which God had no place. During two centuries such doctrines, swollen by the whole materialistic current of the 19th century, have won the masses.

Yet never, perhaps, has the action of the Popes been felt in such a universal way as during the last 50 years. The Church has not forgotten her essential mission. "By the will of God and the mandate of Christ," the Church has not failed "to proclaim to her sons and to the world the unchanging basic laws" which should inspire human life. This desire to make herself heard by a modern world, preoccupied above all with temporal organization, does

not make her lose sight of the fact that the Kingdom of God ought to be proclaimed above all else. Recent history shows that among the faithful, those who have best known how to answer the call of their time are the very ones who showed themselves most anxious to hear the voice of the Vicar of Christ. The voice of the Popes has been heard far beyond the circle of the baptized. Leo XIII opened to the Church a new path for a social teaching in conformity with the Gospels. Pius XI proclaimed his uncompromising refusal to closed nationalisms or the procedures of totalitarian states. Pius XII invites all mankind to join the Church in liberating the human person, threatened in its very being and in the family, its normal extension.

The teaching of the Church centers around the threefold mission which the acts of the Holy See and the declarations of the bishops have constantly recalled. As representative of the *Charity* of Christ, the papacy and the episcopate have constantly raised their voices in attempts to save the peace by preventing civil or international war. In case of conflict they have sought to prevent as much as possible every aggravation of hostile acts and to make more human the fate of the weak. As representatives of *Justice* they have tried in the midst of confusion to enlighten consciences about the collective and individual means necessary to build the future society on the moral principles without which it cannot live. Finally, as representatives of the supernatural *Grace of Christ* they un-



tingly remind us of the Christian mystery and its supernatural transcendence beyond political, social, moral, and human needs.

One cannot consider as a whole the acts of the magisterium, Pope and bishops of the whole world, without admiring the unity and fidelity of doctrine which has its equal only in its timeliness. If one adds to the doctrinal action the innumerable services, mutual aid, cultural contributions, rendered by the Catholic hierarchy to the common good as well as to individuals; to the family as well as to the professions, or the state, one can see in it a sign of the vitality of a Church so manifestly taught and governed by Christ.

In France, the religious issue remains ever present and alive. The action of anti-Christian elites has spread more and more. It has given birth to a world built up outside the Church, in the heart of which, by a quasi-automatic process, ever-increasing numbers have fallen away from religion. Some even thought they were doing the right thing, finding the elements of a sort of apparent justification in the modern world and its spirit. The profoundly de-Christianized masses retain many Christian standards of justice and fraternal charity, but they no longer seek in the Church the wherewithal to nourish their lives. They turn away from it rather, to try to satisfy, in atheistic mysticism, both their appetites for pleasure and their need for generosity.

Among this godless mass, which has

been called "pagan" and which caused France to be called a "mission country," is a Christian community which includes many kinds of Christians. Alongside families which are fervent, rich in religious vocations, animated with the spirit of sacrifice and the sense of duty, is a large group of baptized Christians who do not practice their religion, yet who are still connected with the Church by a few important facts of their existence: Baptism, First Communion, etc. We see, too, "seasonal Christians," irregular in their practice, and Christians who maintain a loose connection with parish life.

In recent decades, however, elites have arisen preoccupied with understanding the new situation and with being witnesses of Christ for their lost brothers. An ever-increasing number of Christians realize that there is in this dechristianization a phenomenon, no longer individual but global, which must be attacked as such.

If we consider the field of thought we see that the place held by Catholics in scientific, literary, and philosophic life shows clearly enough how ill-founded were the incompatibilities men joyously proclaimed between science and faith. Fifty years ago, this Catholic success was apparent only among certain brilliant personalities whose names were highlighted because they were rare. Today a vast general movement is asserting itself and in preparation. Christian intellectuals are everywhere, in universities, academies, scientific societies, research centers.



Not only do they not fear to affirm their faith, but all, modest research men or famous scholars, prove by technical skill and loyalty in research the perfect harmony of their vocation as thinkers with their vocation as Christians. They are trying particularly to show that the problems facing contemporary consciences find their full answer in Catholicism. Their methodical investigations bear on all fields. By the numbers involved as well as by its quality the intellectual renaissance constitutes the most unquestionable evidence of the present vitality of the Church and one of its finest promises for tomorrow.

This manifests itself similarly in religious life itself. Spiritual life has not only more followers but has deepened. Its progress is manifested by conversions, often astonishing ones, which intrigue and impress unbelievers. It is evident from the more and more insistent demands for the Christian life: return to the great general dogmas of piety and growth of religious practice based on the liturgy. This has provoked, and still arouses every day, interest, inquiry and heated controversies. The most authentic mystical life itself attracts and holds an increasing number of souls. The astonishing success of Catholic books, spiritual writings, hagiography, would alone be an indication.

But life furnishes another much more valid one, in the order of sanctity. For if it is true that the masses have never been so far from God, yet never perhaps have we known so many

saints. War and deportations have had their heroes and martyrs. Daily life makes us admire virtues the more sublime for being humble and hidden. Vocations of apostles and of militant laymen, sacerdotal and Religious vocations, the spontaneous birth of new types of Religious Orders in which the purest spirituality is joined with a concern for adhering to the present, are all so many signs of a flowering life in the Church of our times.

This invigorating ferment is not a "spontaneous generation." We owe it, in large part, to a new reality, Catholic Action, manifestly raised up by the Holy Spirit as an apostolic instrument adapted to the penetration of the modern world. To cite only France, it will henceforth be impossible to write the history of the last 20 years without taking into account the new conditions which its origins and development constitute. Let it suffice here to see in it a clear proof of the constant youth of the Church. Starting from principles whose consequences were to prove incalculable, especially the participation of laymen in the conversion of the world, and the restitution to human values of their eternal orientation, Catholic Action today reaches all classes of society. To appreciate it, people usually speak of it in terms of numbers. Among the working and rural classes, where its strength is greatest, the number of militants, adherents or those influenced, is more than 200,000 for each movement, JOC and JAC, and even more for their feminine counterparts. If we consider, apart



from the numbers in it, the work done, responsibility for a milieu, realistic answers to the problems it raises, proud and open-minded affirmations of the Catholic faith, we realize that the real work far surpasses the visible achievements. It would be a serious error to identify the structure of Catholic Action with its mysticism, its "body" with its "life," and to confound "organization" with "movement." The last word, unfortunately worn out from use, expresses well enough, however, the fact that Catholic Action is not "something done" but "something being done." It is *in via*. It is constantly revising its methods, comparing results, looking to the future. It is normal and even reassuring that it experiences moments of hesitation and of unexpected fermentation. These are signs of life. Catholic Action is 20 years old: it is legitimate that it pass through an "adolescence" to reach adulthood.

Every moment, the seeds which so many prayers, reflections, and converging efforts have planted in it take root and develop. The future life of this growth is not always foreseeable. The guarantee of its security rests in the concern Catholic Action has to surpass itself, while remaining faithful to principles, and in its spirit of loyal and filial confidence in the hierarchy.

It will be the honor of our generation to have understood that the new situation of mankind requires new apostolic conditions. Besides the general movements, for both sexes, which are of high quality and so fruitful, the enormous effort which produced such specialized movements encourages them constantly to discover ways of influencing, like a leaven, the indifferent masses. One observes now the real influence exercised by the coming generations on the family, professions, natural communities of life, and even institutions. All contribute in this immense work: the parish is seeking the proper ways for its community life and missionary activity, the clergy is inspiring the militant and reforming the apostolate, the lay apostles penetrate social groups; finally, certain formulas, French Mission, Paris Mission, most frequently on the fringe of the parish, but always in liaison with it, constitute its advanced posts.

In conclusion, who could make us believe, after this enumeration, that the Church is dying? Is one justified in speaking of agony in the presence of such vitality? The great forces which traverse the Church, the undercurrents which uplift it, are not signs of death. They portend the sap rising in the vine, the coming of spring.



### *Kid Stuff*

ONE of my six-year-old 1st-grade pupils asked, "Mother, have you another dress?"

Her mother replied, "Yes, I have several of them."

"I wish you would give Sister Francesca one. She has been wearing the same dress ever since I started to school."

—Sister M. Francesca, O.P.



## *How to Fly a Plane*

WHEN she was a little girl in Iowa, Maxine Summer loved to watch the birds dart and glide and soar like seraphim in God's blue sky. Then was implanted in her heart the desire for the power to go up there with them and dip into clouds. Today she is a Benedictine nun, a pilot and a teacher of aeronautics. One day she came from her convent in Eau Claire, Wis., to St. Paul.







There she met a Queen.

"How do you do, Sister. I'm Maxine, too—Maxine Emerson."

"Delighted to know you, Maxine. I've seen your picture—as Queen of the 1948 St. Paul Winter Carnival."

"Thank you, Sister, and I have heard about you, too, the famous Flying Nun."

Sister Maxine, now at a newly established Benedictine house in Eau Claire, has been teaching physics at Cathedral High in St.



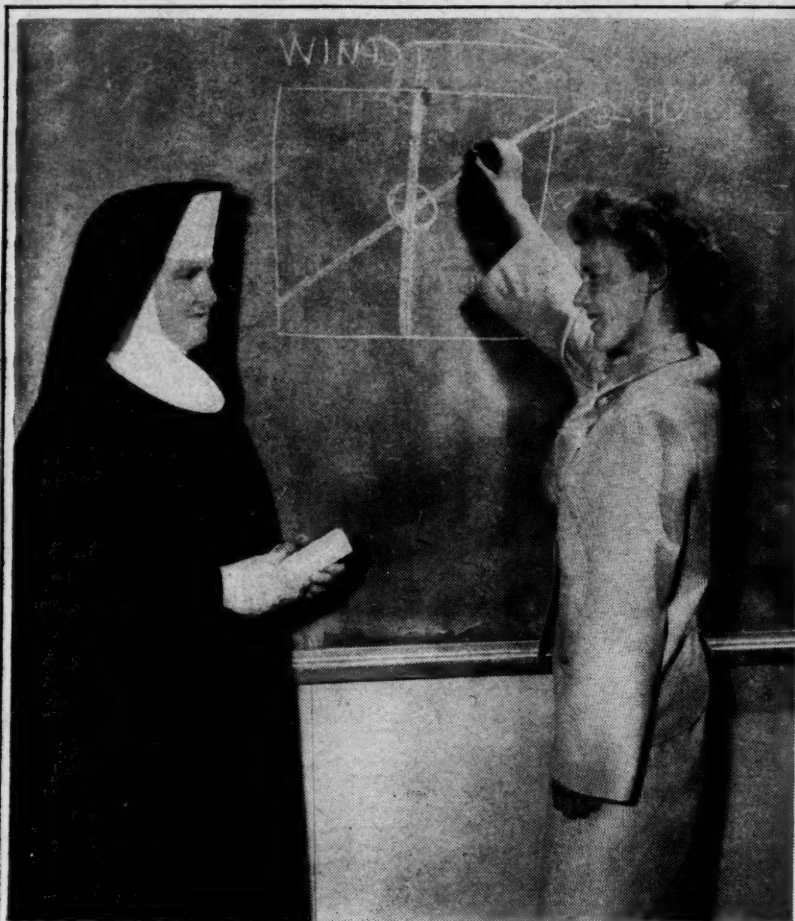


Cloud, Minn. Aeronautics was instituted as a branch of physics at Cathedral High during the war, upon Uncle Sam's desire that the nation's youth be made familiar with the rudiments of aviation.

"And I hear," Sister went on, "that you are also interested in flying."

"Yes, Sister, I have been taking lessons in an Ercoupe from Mr. Elliot Nelson of Northwest Aviation, Inc., out here at Fleming Field in South St. Paul. See, here's my record. Want





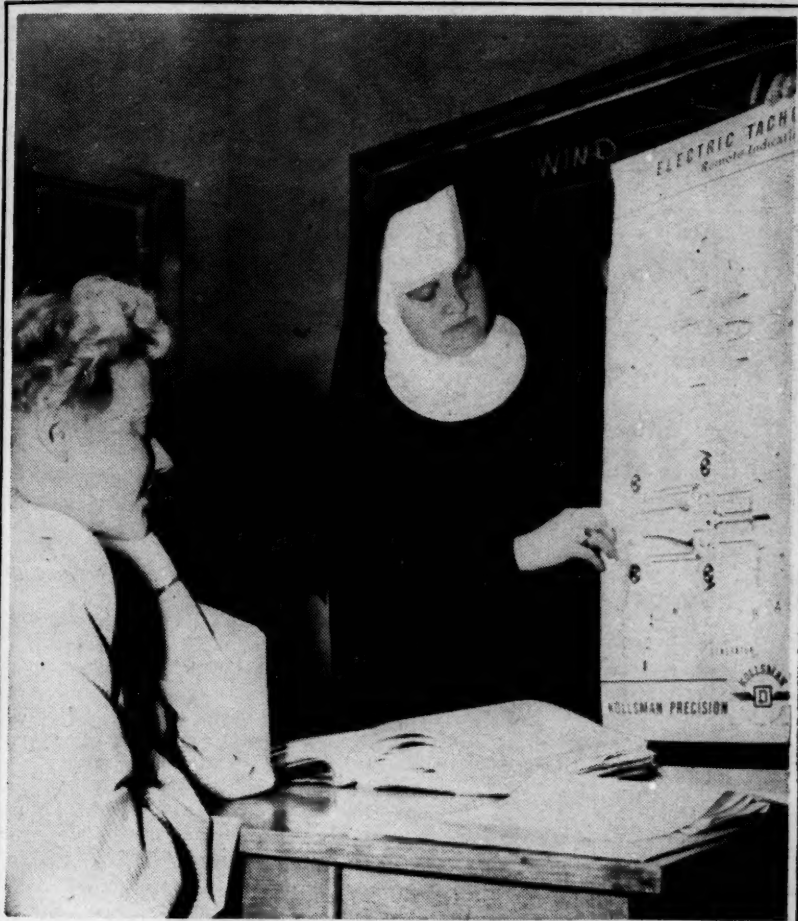
to ask me a few questions—before we take our flight?”

“That would be fun. Let’s take a problem in landing. We have two runways, and the wind is at an angle to both.”

“That’s easy, Sister. You circle the airport, as usual, to observe traffic. Ordinarily, you land into the wind, but that is not necessary in an Ercoupe, and in this case a cross-wind landing is indicated.”

“That’s exactly right, Maxine. You must use the wind as a



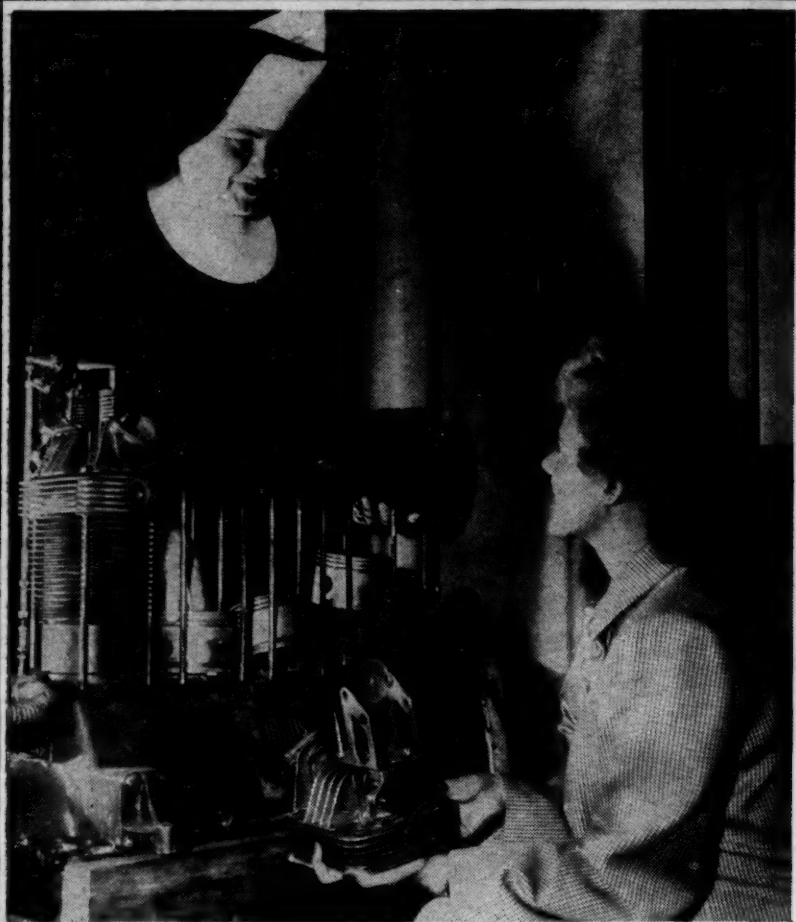


sort of helper and let it lower your ground speed. You have to install a little switch in your mind: the instant your plane touches ground you must forget your aerodynamics, and operate it on automotive principles. Now, this electric tachometer chart. . . ."

"The tachometer tells the speed at which the motor is turning over."

"I suppose you know airplane motors?" asked Sister Maxine, as she picked up a cylinder.





"Oh, yes, Sister. This is a cylinder head. It seals the top of the cylinder, inside which the pistons go up and down. Elementary . . . ."

"Of course," rejoined Sister. The visit to the classroom over, teacher and pupil adjourn to the hangar, to put theory into practice.

A peek under the hood. Out in the hangar, Queen Maxine and Sister Maxine checked the accessory case against oil leaks. They were almost ready for the take-off. "There are about 500 bolts under



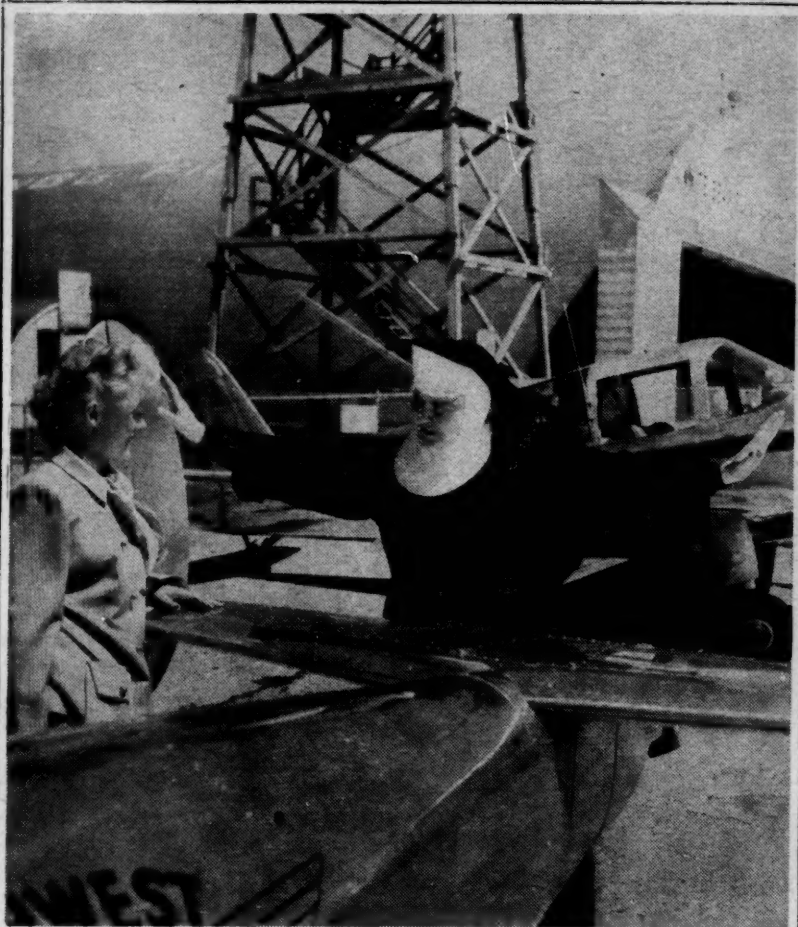


that hood," observed Sister Maxine. This plane was wheeled out onto the field, ready for flight. But Miss Emerson paused for a few more questions.

"Now, about those thermals, Sister?"

"Thermals, you know, are the air currents caused by heat from the earth's surface. Birds ride 'em. So do gliders. Thermals are what give you a bumpy ride up there in a plane. 'What keeps the plane in balance?' Its inherent stability. The ailerons keep it level,





the rudders keep it on a straight course, and you use the elevators for up and down. For making turns, it is necessary to coordinate all three; but on the Ercoupe, ailerons and rudders are interconnected to simplify control."

Weather and wind have been checked, the gas tank inspected; all is in readiness for the flight. They map their course before taking off—it is important to know where you are going, how long you will be gone. They'll soon be cruising at 110 miles an hour.

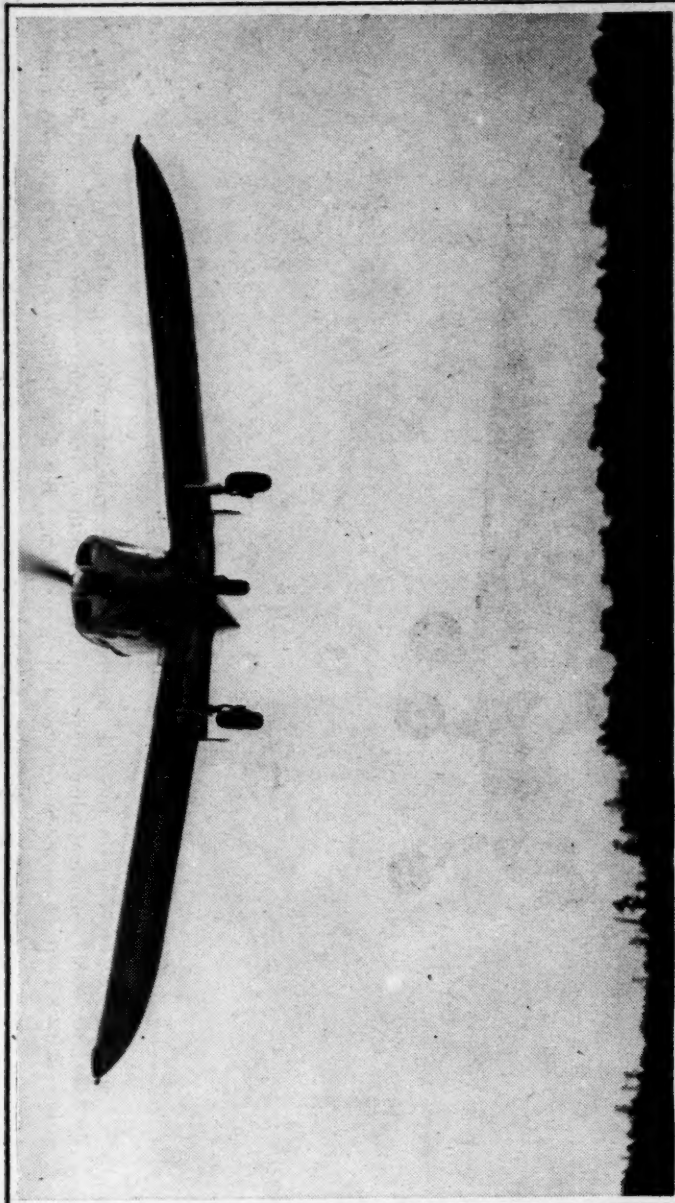




"Say, Sister," asked Miss Maxine, "don't you ever say a little Hail Mary when you're taking off?"

"Can't say that I do; guess I'm too busy with the controls to think of it. If you mean, because I'm scared—what's there to be afraid of? You don't say a special prayer every time you get into an auto-

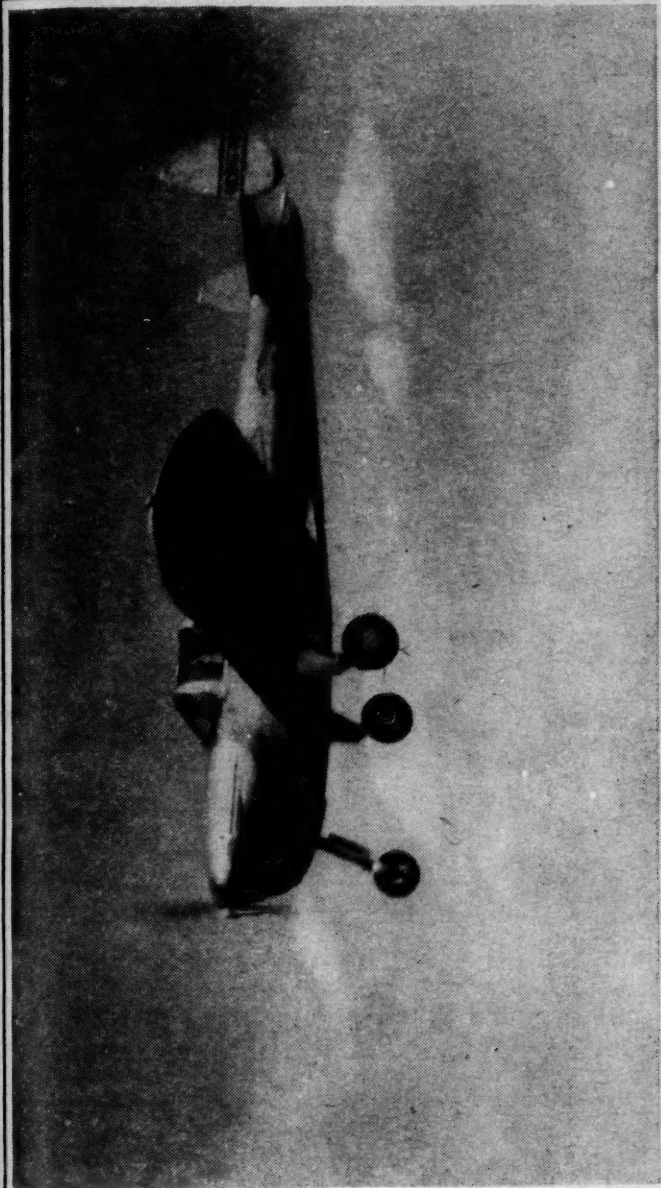




mobile, do you? But I'm not trying to be funny: you see, Maxine, I try to live my whole life—prayer, work, and recreation—as God wants me to, and flying is part of it.

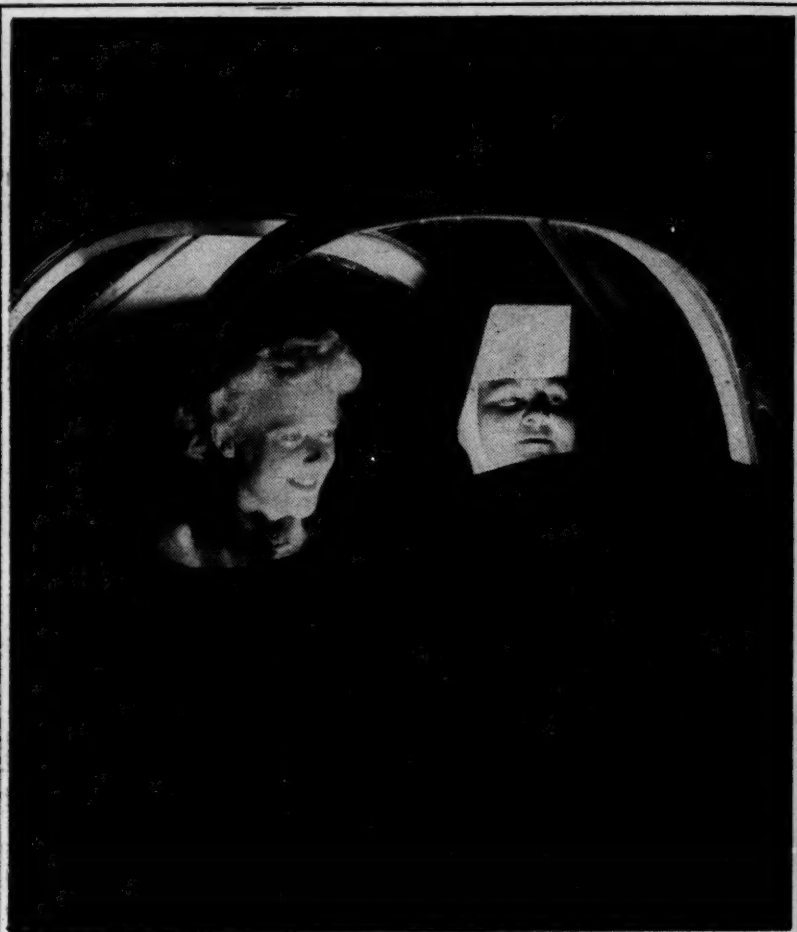
"But tell me, little Queen, why are you learning to fly?"





"At first, it was just for the fun of it, for the thrill of the ride, of staying as long as I wished up where I could stay for only a moment when I'd swing back and forth on the apple-tree swing. Then for the joy of command over an 85-horsepower motor pulling me along. But now I find something else every time





I get up here: a peace that groundlings never know, a nearness to God, a greater awareness of the grandeur of His creation in the clouds about me, and the rivers and hills and fields and flocks below me. I didn't mention it before, did I—I'm taking instructions with a view to becoming a Catholic."

They talk about their plane as they cruise. "I was nervous the first time I went up," said Maxine, trailing her hand in the wind, "but I'm not any more. You have a feeling of utter security in

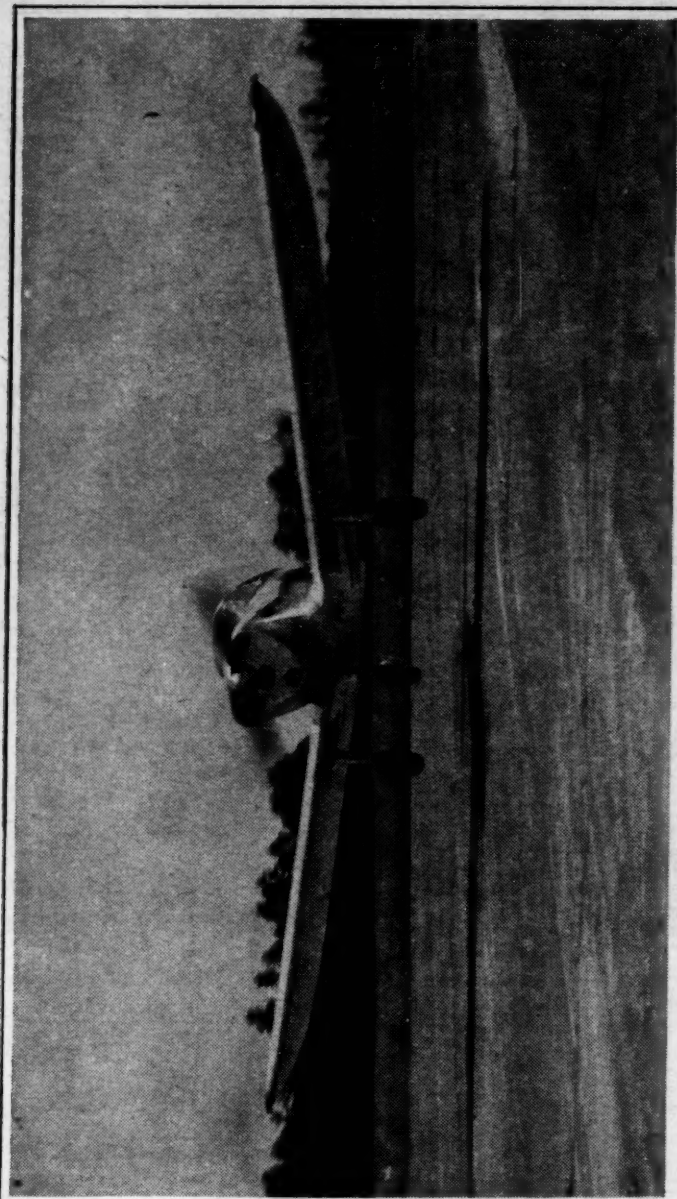




the knowledge that the Ercoupe is designed to be stall resistant and spin-proof. And I am eligible to solo in it after only five hours of instruction." Plane pictured here costs \$3,790 at factory.

Maxine, noticing gasoline gauge, makes further observations. "Plenty of gas left. There would





be: our plane burns only five to five and a half gallons of gas per hour, depending upon cruising speed, and runs at least 20 miles to the gallon." But they are approaching the airport for a landing, and Sister Maxine interrupts, "Now remember, Maxine, as we approach the ground you should remember to slow





the plane down until the wheels just kiss the runway with the soft touch of a feather."

"Perfect landing," exclaimed Sister. They didn't have to worry about a cross wind, as the plane's tricycle gear automatically takes care of any drift encountered.

"Careful getting out, Sister! Don't tangle with the skirt of your habit."

"Oh, I can nāvigate myself in that, all right. I've been in the





Benedictines 20 years, and I'd be awkward in anything else."

"Guess it's no worse than this new-look skirt I'm wearing, at that," conceded Maxine.

And now, Miss Emerson is taking her first solo flight. She holds up her hand, thumb and forefinger forming the familiar *O*, to signify that all is well.

"God bless you, my dear," Sister Maxine calls to her. "Happy landing—and hey, have you checked both magnetos?"



# What Happened to the Pope's Gift

By ART BROMIRSKI

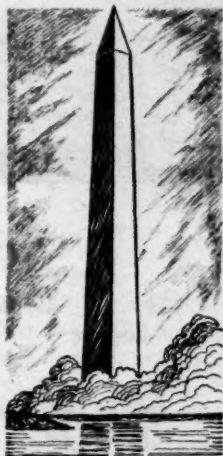
BURIED in the mud of the Potomac river bed, near the Washington monument, are the fragments of a gift from Pope Pius IX. That gift, a magnificent block of marble from the ruins of the Temple of Peace in Rome, should be part of the towering shaft on the Mall. It was sent to the U. S. in October, 1853, by the Pontiff for incorporation in the monument as his tribute to the memory of George Washington. But six months later it was smashed and dumped into the Potomac.

The question of a monument for the Father of Our Country was one of the earliest Congressional footballs. It was kicked-off on Aug. 7, 1783 (six years before Washington was elected first president) when Congress passed a resolution for erection of a statue "in honor of George Washington, the illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America during the war which vindicated and secured their liberty, sovereignty and independence." But there was a fumble on the kick-off—somehow Congress forgot to allocate the necessary funds.

That was just the open-

ing play. For 65 years thereafter both House and Senate kicked, passed, and fumbled the question of a Washington monument. Meanwhile, however, a group of public-spirited citizens in the capital decided not to wait for Congress. Taking the matter into their own hands, they organized the Washington National Monument society and started a national fund-raising drive.

By 1848 the society had collected sufficient funds to start building. Congress snapped out of its lethargy, finally, and granted a portion of public lands as a site. The exact location was selected jointly by the President of the U. S. and the society, and the excellence of their selection is evident to anyone who has ever visited the 555-foot obelisk.



On July 4, 1848, the cornerstone was laid. The society invited the states to contribute native stones, which would be placed, as state memorials, in the interior walls of the shaft. Later this invitation was extended to include any city, municipality or organization not only in the U. S. but the world at large. In a short time gift stones from Maine to California began



piling up on the monument grounds. Included among them were stones from Greece, Japan, Switzerland, Turkey, and other distant lands.

When Pius IX learned that the society was accepting gifts of stones, he communicated with the organization and informed it that he was sending a block of marble which had stood in the Temple of Peace, adjoining the palace of the Caesars. The board of managers of the society (all Protestants) sent their thanks and assured the Pontiff that his very acceptable contribution would be placed in a prominent position in the monument.

Although the matter was not their business, the anti-Catholic Know-Nothings, the bigoted political gangsters of the 19th century, vigorously opposed acceptance of the gift. They churned up the air from Boston to Washington as they jawed about the "sinister" aspects of the Pope's token of friendship, and flatly demanded that the society reject the gift. But all their fussing, fretting and fuming was in vain. The society ignored them and only a very small part of the public paid any attention to them.

On Oct. 18, 1853, the Pope's gift arrived, and was formally received by the board of managers of the society. The stone was a beautiful block of African marble of exquisite texture, approximately 3 feet long, 18 inches high, and 10 inches thick, and bore the inscription "Rome to America." For safekeeping, it was deposited in a lapidarium at the construction site along with a number of other memo-

rial stones donated to the monument.

The next part of the story is best related in the following report published in the *Washington Daily National Intelligencer* on March 8, 1854. "A deed of barbarism was enacted on Monday morning last [March 6] between 1 and 2 o'clock by several persons (number not known, but supposed to be from four to ten) which will be considered as belonging rather to some of the centuries considerably in our rear than to the better half of the boasted 19th century. We refer to the forcible seizure from its place of deposit, in a shed at the Washington monument, of a block of marble sent hither from Rome, a tribute to the memory of Washington by the Pontiff, and intended to become a part of the edifice now erecting to signalize his name and glory.

"The account we hear of the matter is this: that at about the time mentioned several men suddenly surrounded the watch box of the night watchman, and passed a cord, such as is used for clothes lines, around the box, and piled stones against the door, calling to the man within that if he kept quiet he would not be injured. At the same time they pasted pieces of newspapers on the two or three window openings that commanded the particular shed containing the fated block, so as to prevent the watchman from seeing their operations.

"They then removed one of the strips in front of the place where the block stood, and, passing in and out by the opening, carried it off by plac-



ing it in a handcart used about the premises. There is no doubt that they took the block to the river side, not less than a quarter mile off, and pitched it over the steep bank upon the river beach, where they enjoyed a favorable opportunity of breaking it up undiscovered or boating it off into the river, which they probably did after defacing it.

"All this went on, it seems, without effective remonstrance from the watchman, although he had with him a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot, and the operations at the shed were within easy shot. As far the pasting on the windows, there was nothing in that, for they slid up and down like the sashes of an omnibus. These proceedings, the watchman says, took place about half past 1; but he gave no notice of it to the family residing at the monument until 4. For these and other similar reasons he has been suspended."

In the same paper appeared this notice: "\$100 reward. The board of managers of the Washington National Monument society will pay the above reward of \$100 for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who, on the night of the 5th instant, stole and destroyed a block of marble contributed to said monument."

The stone was never recovered nor were the culprits apprehended. On the morning following the robbery, investigators found small chips of the marble block on the river beach together with indications that the block had been shattered and its fragments loaded into a boat. Although this evidence was purely circumstantial there is no reason to believe otherwise and there is no doubt that Pope Pius' tribute to George Washington lies on the bottom of the Potomac. Also, while there was no proof and the reward was never collected, there is no doubt that the robbers were members of the Know-Nothing party.

The story doesn't end here, however. The theft and destruction of the Pope's stone aroused public indignation all over the nation, angering Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Almost overnight, contributions to the monument dwindled to the vanishing point. At the end of 1854 construction was stopped (at the 153-foot level) because funds were exhausted. Efforts to raise additional funds failed mainly because the public could not forget the incident of March 6, 1854, and it was not until 22 years later, in 1876, that construction of the Washington monument was resumed, and then at the expense of the federal government.



**A** RADICAL is a man who wants \$10 more a week. A conservative is a man who wants \$100,000 more a year.

Harlan Miller in the Des Moines Register.



Down to earth with Ignatius

# I Begin to Meditate

By THOMAS MERTON

Excerpt from a book\*

REMEMBER the first time I attempted any kind of mental prayer. I had bought a copy of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius many months before, and had found a couple of little pencil marks in the margin opposite passages that might be interpreted as sinister and Jesuitical. One of them was about death, and the other had something to do with pulling all the blinds down when you wanted to meditate.

For my own part I had long been a little scared of the *Spiritual Exercises*, having somewhere acquired a false impression that if you did not look out they would plunge you head first into mysticism before you were aware of it. How could I be sure that I would not fly up into the air as soon as I applied my mind to the first meditation? I have since found out that there is very little danger of my ever flying around the premises at mental prayer. The *Spiritual Exercises* are very pedestrian and practical, their chief purpose being to enable all the busy Jesuits to get their minds off their work and back to God with a minimum of wasted time.

I wish I had been able to go through

*This section of Thomas Merton's biography concerns the time shortly after his conversion when he was studying at Columbia University in New York and planning to become a Franciscan. The book, however, is the story of how he gradually formed his estimate of modern secular life and his place in it and became, finally, a Trappist monk in Gettysburg, Ky.*

the *Exercises* under the roof of some Jesuit house, directed by one of their priests. However, I went about it under my own direction, studying the rules of procedure that were given in the book, and following them in so far as I managed to grasp what they were all about. I never even breathed a word to any priest of what I was doing.

As far as I remember I devoted a whole month to the *Exercises*, taking one hour each day. I took a quiet hour, in the afternoon, in my room on Perry St., and since I now lived in the back of the house, there were no street noises to worry me. With the windows closed, since it was winter, I could not even hear any of the neighborhood's 5,000 radios.

The book said the room should be darkened, and I pulled down the

\*The Seven Storey Mountain. Copyright, 1948, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., 383 116 Madison Ave., N. Y. City. Reprinted by permission of the publishers. 429 pp. \$3.



blinds so that there was just enough light left for me to see the pages, and to look at the crucifix on the wall over my bed. And the book also invited me to consider what kind of a position I should take for my meditation. It left me plenty of freedom of choice, so long as I remained more or less the way I was, once I had settled down, and did not go promenading around the room scratching my head and talking to myself.

So I thought and prayed a while over this momentous problem, and finally decided to make my meditations sitting cross-legged on the floor. I think the Jesuits would have had a nasty shock if they had walked in and seen me doing their *Spiritual Exercises* sitting there like Mahatma Gandhi. But it worked very well. Most of the time I kept my eyes on the crucifix or on the floor, when I did not have to look at the book.

And so, having prayed, sitting on the floor, I began to consider the reason why God had brought me into the world. "Man was created to this end: that he should praise God, and reverence and serve Him, and by doing these things, should save his soul. And all the other things on the face of the earth were created for man, to help him in attaining the end for which he was created. Whence it follows that man must use these things only in so far as they help him towards his end, and must withdraw himself from them in so far as they are obstacles to his attaining his end. Wherefore it is necessary that we make ourselves

indifferent to all created things, in so far as it is permitted to our free will, in such a way that, as far as we are concerned, we should not desire health rather than sickness, riches rather than poverty, honor rather than ignominy, a long life rather than a short life, and so on, desiring and choosing only those things which more efficaciously lead us to the end for which we were created."

The big, simple, and radical truths were, I think, too big and too radical for me. By myself, I did not even scratch the surface of them. I vaguely remember fixing my mind on this notion of indifference to all created things in themselves, to sickness and health, and being mildly appalled. Who was I to understand such a thing? If I got a cold I nearly choked myself with aspirins and hot lemonade and dived into bed with undisguised alarm. And here was a book that might perhaps be telling me that I ought to remain as cool as an icebox in the presence of a violent death. How could I figure out just what and how much that word "indifferent" meant, if there was no one to tell me? I did not have any way of seeing the distinction between indifference of the will and indifference of the feelings, the latter being practically a thing unknown, even in the experience of saints. So, worrying about this big difficulty of my own creation, I missed the real fruit of this fundamental meditation, which would have been an application of its notions to all the things to which I myself was attached, and which always tended to get me into trouble.



However, the real value of the *Exercises* for me came when I got to the various contemplations, especially the mysteries of the life of Christ. I docilely followed all of St. Ignatius' rules about the "composition of place" and sat myself down in the Holy House at Nazareth with Jesus, Mary and Joseph, and considered what they did, and listened to what they said, and so on. And I elicited affections, and made resolutions, and ended with a colloquy and finally made a brief retrospective examination of how the meditation had worked out. All this was so new and interesting, and the labor of learning it engrossed me so much, that I was far too busy for distractions. The most vital part of each meditation was always the application of the senses (hearing the yelling of the damned in hell, smelling their burning rottenness, seeing the devils coming at you to drag you down with the rest, and so on).

As far as I remember, there was one theological point that made a very deep impression on me, greater than anything else. Somewhere in the first week, after having considered the malice of mortal sin, I had turned to the evil of venial sin. And there, suddenly, while the horror of mortal sin had remained somewhat abstract to me, simply because there were so many aspects and angles to the question, I clearly saw the malice of venial sin precisely as an offense against the goodness and loving kindness of God, without any respect to punishment. I left that meditation with a deep conviction of the deordination and malice there is in

preferring one's own will and satisfaction to the will of God for whose love we were created.

In the big meditation on the "Two Standards," where you are supposed to line up the army of Christ in one field and the army of the devil in the other, and ask yourself which one you choose, I got into too much of a Cecil B. De Mille atmosphere to make much out of it, but in the considerations on a choice of a state in life which followed, a strange thing happened, which scared me a little. It was the only incident that savored of externally supernatural intervention in the retreat.

I had already made my choice of a state of life. I was going to be a Franciscan. Consequently, I embarked on these thoughts without too much personal concern. I was meandering around in consideration of what a man ought to do with his earthly possessions—a meditation that might have been useful to someone who really had some possessions to dispose of—when my doorbell rang. I pressed the button that opened the street door below, and went to the head of the stairs, thinking that perhaps it was my friend Gibney or somebody like that.

It was a little man in a mouse-colored overcoat, whom I had never seen before.

"Are you Thomas Merton?" he said to me, as he arrived on my landing. I did not deny it, and he entered my room and sat down on the bed.

"Did you write that review of that book about D. H. Lawrence in the



*Times* book section last Sunday?" he asked me. I thought I was in it for it. I had favorably reviewed a book on Lawrence by Tyndall, under whom I had done my thesis at Columbia. He had written just the kind of a book that was calculated to drive all the people who had made a Messiah out of Lawrence clean out of their wits with pain and rage. I had already got an angry letter for even reviewing such a book, and I thought that now somebody had come around to shoot me if I did not recant.

"Yes," I said, "I wrote the review. Didn't you like it?"

"Oh, I didn't read it," said the little man, "but Mr. Richardson read it, and he told me all about it."

"Who is Mr. Richardson?"

"You don't know him? He lives in Norwalk. I was talking to him about your review only yesterday."

"I don't know anybody in Norwalk," I said. I could not figure out whether this Mr. Richardson liked the review or not, and did not bother. It did not seem to have any bearing on the man's visit after all.

"I have been traveling around all day," he said, thoughtfully. "I was in Elizabeth, N. J.; then in Bayonne, N. J.; then in Newark. Then, when I was coming back on the Hudson tube I thought of Mr. Richardson and how he had been talking about you, and I thought I would come and see you."

Elizabeth, Bayonne and Newark, and now he was sitting on my bed, in his mouse-colored overcoat, and his hat in his hand.

"Do you live in New Jersey?" I said, out of politeness.

"Oh, no, of course not, I live in Connecticut," he said quickly. But I had opened out only an avenue to further confusion. He went into intricate geographical details about where he lived and how he happened to be associated with this Mr. Richardson of Norwalk, and then he said, "When I saw the ad in the paper, I decided to go over to New Jersey."

"The ad?"

"Yes, the ad about the job I was looking for in Elizabeth, and didn't get. And now I haven't even enough money to get back to Connecticut."

I finally began to see what it was all about. The visitor was stumbling around in a long, earnest and infinitely complicated account of all the jobs he had failed to get in New Jersey, and I, with a strange awe and excitement, began to think two things: "How much money have I got to give him?" and "How did he happen to walk in here just when I was in the middle of that meditation about giving all your goods to the poor?"

The possibility that he might even be an angel, disguised in that mouse-colored coat, struck me with a force that was all the more affecting because it was so obviously absurd. And yet the more I think about it, the more I am convinced of the propriety of God sending me an angel with instructions to try and fool me by talking like a character in one of those confusing short stories that get printed in the *New Yorker*.



Anyway, I reached into my pockets and started emptying them, putting quarters, pennies, and nickels on the desk. Of course, if the man was an angel, then the whole affair was nothing but a setup, and I should give him everything I had on me, and go without supper. Two things restrained me. First, the thought of supper, and, second, the fact that the stranger seemed to be aware that I was somewhat moved with secret thoughts, and apparently interpreted them as annoyance. Anyway, figuring that I was in some way upset, he showed himself to be in a hurry to take the little I had already collected for him, as if that were plenty.

He hastened away, stuffing a \$1 bill and the change into his pockets, leaving me in such a state of bewilderment that I positively could not sit down cross-legged and continue the meditation. I was still wondering if I should

not run down the street after him and give him the other dollar which I still had.

But still, applying St. Ignatius' standard to the present circumstances, I had done fairly well. I had given him about three-fifths of my liquid capital.

Perhaps, in a way, it is better that I didn't give him everything and go without supper. I would have preened myself with such consummate and disgusting vanity—assuming I did not die of fear, and call up one of my friends to lend me something—that there would have been no merit in it at all. For all that, even if his story was disconnected and very silly, and even if he was not an angel, he was much more than that if you apply Christ's own standard about whatsoever you have done to the least of His little ones.

Anyway, it certainly put some point into that meditation.



### *As St. James Once Said*

AN OLD Scotchman operated a small rowboat for transporting passengers. One day a patron noticed that he had carved on one oar the word *Faith* and on the other, *Works*. Curiosity led the patron to ask the meaning. The old man said, "I will show you." He dropped one oar and plied the other, called *Works*, and they just went around in circles. Then he dropped that oar and began to ply *Faith*, and the boat again went around in circles. After this demonstration, the old man picked up both, and plying them together, sped swiftly over the water, explaining to his inquiring passenger, "You see, that is the way it is in the Christian life."

*Canadian Churchman* quoted in *Quote* (Aug. '48).



# Test Your Knowledge

*This is a series of questions designed to make the reader more attentive, to fix facts in his memory, to stimulate conversational practice. It is for use by school children, study groups, and individuals who belong to no such groups. Answers are on page 128.*

## Japan Looks Westward

**I**N A military sense, Japan has been conquered. But the conquest will not be complete until the Japanese people have come to accept the Christian ethic, for it is through a belief in Christianity that democracy can best be established.

The hope for a Japanese conversion

to Christianity is not a vain one. It is a hope based on facts and figures. To read those facts, and some of their heartening implications, turn to "Japan at the Crossroads," page 26. Then fix them more firmly in mind by marking *True* or *False* beside each of the following statements.

- |     |   |     |  |
|-----|---|-----|--|
| T—F | 1. Catholic observers in Japan believe that within the next few years, millions of Japanese may be converted to Christianity. |     |  |
| T—F | 2. This observation has been denied by General MacArthur.   | T—F | 6. Since the Japanese people seldom act quickly or enthusiastically, a sudden change-over to Christianity would be surprising in them. |
| T—F | 3. Several times in history Japan has suffered resounding defeats.  | T—F | 7. They copy easily and worship success.   |
| T—F | 4. Centuries-old belief in the divinity of the emperor has been officially abolished.   | T—F | 8. Although their culture came to them from China, the Japanese people are today the most westernized of eastern nations.              |
| T—F | 5. The people, now in need of consolation in suffering, feel  | T—F | 9. They have been westernized, in spite of themselves, by conquest and infiltration.   |

that Shintoism and Buddhism have failed them.



T—F 10. Christianity in its most colorful form, Catholicism, appeals to them strongly.

T—F 11. The number of catechumens was greater before the war than now.

T—F 12. The missionary history of Japan encourages the belief that Christianity will find widespread acceptance by the Japanese people.

T—F 13. Catholicism, implanted in Japan by the missionaries in the 16th century, survived bitter persecution.

T—F 14. None of the martyrs of these persecutions has been canonized.

T—F 15. At least 2,000 priests are required for missionary work in Japan.



## *The Camels Are Gone*

**I**F A traveler crossing the Arizona desert today thought he saw a camel, it would undoubtedly be a mirage. But less than a century ago it might well have been a fact.

The rise and fall of the camel in America is one of the least-known chapters in the colorful history of the great Southwest. After reading "America's Ships of the Desert," page 23, test your knowledge by filling in the blanks in the short summary below.

There was a time when camels roamed the desert regions of the..... The man most instrumental in bringing the camels to the U. S. in 1856 was ..... They were to be used by the..... in transferring men and materiel across the wastelands. The first group of 41 camels, six drivers, and an Arab "camel doctor" required a Congressional appropriation of ..... Camels were more useful in many ways than the customary army....., since they could carry

twice the load, travel twice as fast, and negotiate tricky mountain paths.

In spite of their valuable military uses, the camel project..... People laughed at the unusual beasts, and the army's....., who had to handle the camels, disliked them. Of the two beasts, they found the .....far more temperamental than the.....

The camel cause received a serious set-back from the outbreak of the .....War, since neither side had time to devote to taking care of the camels. Finally the U. S. War Department disposed of them because they constantly frightened.....and..... For years they roamed at large about the desert until teamsters began to .....them.

A more.....attitude might have helped the camel become an integral part of the American scene, but now the ships of the Southwestern desert all are.....



## Old Inhabitants of the New World

THE first Americans didn't come over on the *Mayflower*; in fact, they weren't even here when the boat arrived. According to recent discoveries by paleontologists, man lived and hunted in America during the last great continental glacial period. Scientists have named one of these prehistoric strangers "Folsom man," while a still earlier one is called the "Sandia

cave man." How they came by their names, plus a colorful picture of the men themselves and how they lived are only a part of the interesting article beginning on page 11.

Read "The First Americans," then match wits with the scientists by choosing the correct answer to complete each of the statements in the following group.

1. A layer of bones and a flint arrowhead, discovered by a cowboy in New Mexico, buried 25 feet in the earth, were identified as a type of animal that had been extinct for
  - a. 1,000 years
  - b. 10,000 years
  - c. 100,000 years
2. The unknown hunter who had killed the animal was called "Folsom man" after
  - a. the cowboy who made the discovery
  - b. the scientist who identified the bones
  - c. the town in New Mexico where the discovery occurred
3. Excavation of the location where the animals had fallen indicated that the area
  - a. had always been extremely dry
  - b. was once dotted by lakes and streams
  - c. had contained a few bodies of water
4. Minute examination of bone fragments from the Folsom site revealed
  - a. no human remains
  - b. one human skull
  - c. entire human skeletons
5. The most likely spot for the entry of man from the Old to the New World seems to be
  - a. from Africa to South America
  - b. across the north Atlantic to the east coast
  - c. through the region of Alaska



6. Flint points, evidence that Folsom man once hunted there, have been found
  - a. along the banks of the Yukon in Alaska
  - b. in the Andes mountains in South America
  - c. in the vicinity of Quebec, Canada
7. Excavated camp sites of Folsom men have been revealing because they
  - a. showed a tendency to neatness
  - b. were filled with all kinds of rubbish, including animal bones and flint points
  - c. contained many human skeletons
8. Even earlier than "Folsom man," the Sandia cave men lived and hunted in the same region at around
  - a. 25,000 B.C.
  - b. 75,000 B.C.
  - c. 100,000 B.C.
9. Indications are that Sandia and Folsom men
  - a. lived and hunted in much the same manner
  - b. were entirely unlike in their way of life
  - c. used none of the same weapons in hunting
10. The opinion of scientists, based on their recent findings, is that
  - a. there were still earlier inhabitants than the Sandia cave men
  - b. the Sandia men were the earliest
  - c. it is impossible to determine whether Sandia men were the earliest



### *Fun With Words*

**Y**OUR success as a conversationalist, and the ease and enjoyment with which you read and write depend largely on your working vocabulary. The successful writer or conversationalist is one who has at the tip of his tongue or pen the words that most clearly express his thoughts. Such a vocabulary is the result of study and concentration.

One of the most important steps in the process of vocabulary-building is

acquiring the ability to recognize foreign roots of English words, and associate those roots with present-day definitions. To that end, the following word list has been prepared. For each word on the left there is a corresponding foreign root and definition. For example, the derivation of the first word, *litigation*, is listed beside the letter *C* and the definition at number 9. Write *C9* in the first blank and go on down the list.



## WORD LIST

Word		Foreign Root	Definition
LITIGATION	( )	A. GR. <i>philos</i> , loving, and <i>anthropos</i> , man	1. pertaining to the night
perfervid	( )	B. ML <i>entitas</i> , thing	2. worldly
transitory	( )	C. LL <i>LITIGARE</i> , to dispute	3. taken out of burial place
abrogated	( )	D. LAT. <i>in</i> , not, and <i>mutare</i> , to change	4. fleeting; not enduring
pervasive	( )	E. LAT. <i>mundus</i> , the world	5. put out; no longer living
immutable	( )	F. LAT. <i>per</i> , through, and <i>fervere</i> , to glow	6. lasting through the year
philanthropist	( )	G. LAT. <i>vehere</i> , to carry	7. a lover of mankind
extinct	( )	H. LAT. <i>per</i> , through, and <i>vadere</i> , to go	8. putting together; combining
exhumed	( )	I. GR. <i>analogos</i> , according to due ratio	9. A SUIT AT LAW; A DISPUTE
vehement	( )	J. LAT. <i>tutela</i> , protection	10. set aside; abolished
perennial	( )	K. LAT. <i>nocturnus</i> , night	11. too ardent; too glowing
analogous	( )	L. LAT. <i>trans</i> , across, and <i>ire</i> , to go	12. accepting passively
mundane	( )	M. LAT. <i>ex</i> , out, and <i>tingere</i> , to wet	13. forceful; deeply moving
acquiescent	( )	N. LAT. <i>per</i> , through and <i>annus</i> , year	14. to fight in a preliminary manner
entity	( )	Q. LAT. <i>ad</i> , to, and <i>humus</i> , soil	15. widespread; diffused
tutelage	( )	P. LAT. <i>abrogare</i> , to repeal	16. being; existence
nocturnal	( )	Q. LAT. <i>ad</i> , to, and <i>quiescere</i> , to be quiet	17. corresponding to something else
vindication	( )	R. FR. <i>escarmouche</i> , fight	18. unchangeable; invariable
skirmish	( )	S. GR. <i>syn</i> , together, and <i>tithemi</i> , place	19. to free from suspicion; to justify
synthesis	( )	T. LAT. <i>vindicara</i> , to defend; avenge	20. act of guarding or protecting







4. What anti-Catholic organization opposed acceptance of the gift?  
.....
5. The stone was smashed and thrown into what river? .....
6. Did this act of vandalism meet with public approval or indignation?  
.....
7. What effect did the smashing of the stone have on further contributions to the monument? .....
8. How high is the Washington Monument as it stands today?  
.....



## *A Backward Glance*

AFTER you've read the entire November issue of the CATHOLIC DIGEST, here's a chance to take a backward glance at some of the high spots. You should have little difficulty in recalling the correct answer to each question below.

1. Who is the woman responsible for the success of Reed Farm in helping Russian exiles who have rejected communism?
2. An 88-year-old man, William R. Ball of California, devotes all his spare time and resources to aiding what important program for the relief of suffering people?
3. According to the article, "Life in the Factory," what is the attitude of this particular group of workers toward the work they do?
4. What inexpensive surplus item from the late war is being put to a wide variety of uses today in subsistence farming?
5. Almost every trend today points toward what practical solution to congested city life?
6. The city of Portland, Ore., is conducting a type of school calculated to prevent its students from committing mass murder and suicide. What kind of school is it?
7. What priest of the 17th century adopted methods that form the foundation for all organized charity in the world today?
8. By what familiar title is he now known?
9. If a limb of your neighbor's apple tree extends over your property, is it legal for you to pick the apples?
10. How many proofs does St. Thomas Aquinas offer for the existence of God?
11. Name the well-known Catholic who is a justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.
12. Which Pope sent the U. S. as a gift a monument to George Washington which was later destroyed?



## Other Things

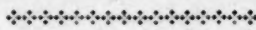
*H*ousing shortages, high food prices, and congested city life are no longer a problem for the Robinson family of Connecticut. Spare-time homesteading has given the age-old business of farming a new look and a new meaning. Read "Subsistence Farming De Luxe," page 31, and see what the combination of a few good acres and some wise planning can accomplish.

In California, 88-year-old William R. Ball is carrying on a one-man European Recovery program. And amazingly, his philanthropy is financed entirely by an \$85-a-month pension. When a man who has no teeth says he "can't afford new dentures till Europe is on its feet," it's the kind of news you won't want to miss reading. Turn to page 9 and meet "Mr. ERP."

Everyone who has ever quarreled

with his neighbor about a tree with an over-hanging limb, or a rambling rose bush that has rambled too far will be interested to learn that some heated legal battles have been waged over just such simple problems. If you've been wondering whether or not you can pick that juicy apple hanging over your fence, read "How to Divide a Tree," page 45, and learn the answer.

In their colorful and oftentimes bloody history, the Black Hills of South Dakota have been the scene of stabbing and shooting by lawless, gold-crazed men. But today, in those same Black Hills, there is presented three times weekly every summer a Passion Play that traces its origins back into the Middle Ages. After reading the article on page 85, perhaps you, too, will some day take a "Detour to Calvary."



## Answers to Test Your Knowledge

*Japan Looks Westward.* 1. T; 2. F; 3. F; 4. T; 5. T; 6. F; 7. T; 8. T; 9. F; 10. T; 11. F; 12. T; 13. T; 14. F; 15. T.

*The Camels Are Gone.* Southwest; Jefferson Davis; army; \$30,000; mules; failed; mule drivers; camels; mules; Civil; cattle; horses; shoot; tolerant; dead.

*Old Inhabitants of the New World.* 1. b; 2. c; 3. b; 4. a; 5. c; 6. a; 7. b; 8. a; 9. a; 10. b.

*Fun with Words.* C9; F11; L4; P10; H15; D18; A7; M5; O3; G13; N6; I17; E2; Q12; B16; J20; K1; T19; R14; S8.

*Do You Know the Score?* 1. Michigan; 2. Big Ten; 3. Army; 4. 25; 5. John Lujack; 6. Four Horsemen; 7. Crimson Tide; 8. T-Formation; 9. Dallas, Tex.; 10. Alabama.

*A Gift Refused.* 1. 1783; 2. 65 years; 3. the Temple of Peace; 4. the Know-Nothings; 5. Potomac; 6. indignation; 7. they ceased; 8. 555 feet.

*A Backward Glance.* 1. Alexandra Tolstoy; 2. European Recovery program; 3. they hate it; 4. flame thrower; 5. homesteading; 6. juvenile traffic school; 7. St. Vincent de Paul; 8. Father of the poor; 9. No; 10. 5; 11. Frank Murphy; 12. Pope Pius IX.



## Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Claudel, Paul. LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY. Translated by Ruth Bethell. New York: Longmans. 95 pp. \$2. Hints for motives and methods in laying our mind open to thought about itself and God. The theme of a famous picture gives the setting for each essay.

Ellard, Gerald. THE MASS OF THE FUTURE. Milwaukee: Bruce. 360 pp. \$4. The Mass as it was yesterday, as it will be tomorrow, superbly done by a competent and skillful scholar.

Knox, Ronald. THE MASS IN SLOW MOTION. New York: Sheed & Ward. 139 pp. \$2.50. Unconventional step-by-step tour through the prayers and movements of the Mass. Engagingly tries to convey the spirit that should animate celebrant and people at each moment. For teen age and up.

Mannin, Ethel. LATE HAVE I LOVED THEE. New York: Putnam's, 350 pp. \$3. How a man went from atheism to theism into the Church and the priesthood, much like Thomas Merton (on this page) is doing in his real life.

Maritain, Jacques. THE PERSON AND THE COMMON GOOD. New York: Scribners. 98 pp. \$2. Man as one in search of union with God cannot be sacrificed to society, but he may be called on for heavy contributions, even that of life, to make society a fit environment for those seeking God.

McDougall, Jr., William H. SIX BELLS OFF JAVA. New York: Scribners. 222 pp. \$2.75. A newsman's break out of Japanese Shanghai ends in the sinking of the last ship out of Java. The story of the swim in open water and the strange coincidents of rescue is as vivid and gripping as any from the recent war.

Merton, Thomas. THE SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 429 pp. \$3. Candid personal account which might well turn out to be as important for the 20th century as Newman's *Apologia* was for the 19th.

Schofield, William G. THE DEER CRY. New York: Longmans, Green. 307 pp. \$3. Neatly novelized biography of St. Patrick.

Van Waesberghe, Jos. Smits. GREGORIAN CHANT AND ITS PLACE IN THE CATHOLIC LITURGY. New York: Bonnier. 64 pp., illus., boards. \$2.50 Written especially for non-Catholics, a brief history and explanation of plain chant that will interest anyone who has an elementary knowledge of music.

Ward, Maisie. YOUNG MR. NEWMAN. New York: Sheed & Ward. 477 pp., illus. \$4.50. Cardinal Newman's life before he became a Catholic: his family, university life, and diverse religious influences. Abundant detail drawn from letters.



## *Digest Odds: 7 to 1*

Just a note to tell you something that might interest you. Last Christmas I gave a subscription to the CATHOLIC DIGEST to the mother of a family we know well. She is middle-aged and shelters under her roof her father, an uncle, two sons, one married, his wife and child. None are Catholic nor even religious, just rather indifferent.

Recently the mother told me, without my asking, about the effect the DIGEST has had. Before it, the only thing the family paid any attention to was one secular magazine and the daily paper. The CATHOLIC DIGEST now outranks both. It is seized as soon as it comes in the house, carried off, and she often doesn't see it for days. Everybody reads it. They like the quality of the writing, the subjects of the articles, the decent tone of the magazine.

I gave the DIGEST to two non-Catholic relatives for Christmas also. I hope they like it as well as our friends do. It has been my experience that my own deep and growing faith (I am a convert) has been due almost entirely to what I have read. I hope the Catholic press can do the same for others. I try to introduce them to it whenever I can, anyhow.

Yours in Christ,

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